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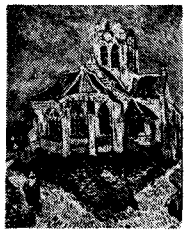

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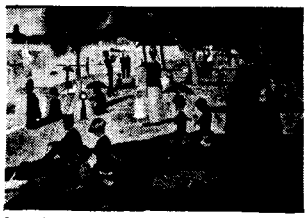

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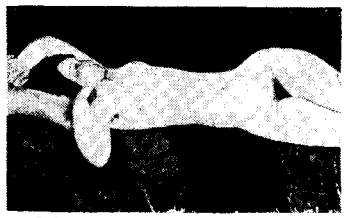

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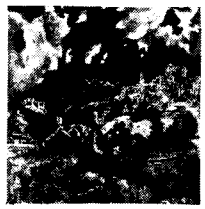

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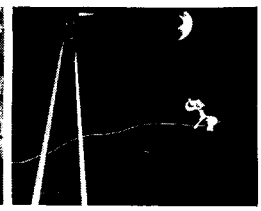

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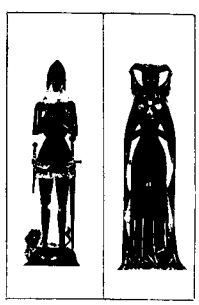

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T.R.B.

from Washington

Hateful

★ It is a sickening thing to think of Soviet tanks clanking into helpless Prague. It has made man everywhere more bitter and cynical; soured the world's atmosphere. It has brought a revulsion against Russia in America which hoped for a détente. . . . Meanwhile on far-off village huts in the green jungles of Vietnam, US bombs continue to fall.

The latest Harris poll has Americans opposed, 61 to 24, to an initial bombing halt. Several of our acquaintances who support the war have told us exultantly that this is the evidence they were waiting for; that this conclusively shows that the country backs President Johnson. It is grimly determined to see it through. We think this is nonsense.

We think the American public wants two separate and conflicting things at the same time. It hates the war. But it also hates to admit defeat. If the Harris people had asked the same voters if they wanted the war to end, they would have given an almost 100 percent affirmative answer, we guess. It is all a matter of which question is asked.

This is not hard to understand. Suppose a man is caught speeding and is asked by a magistrate, Was he going too fast? Chances are he will say "No." But ask the man if he wishes strongly that the chase and arrest had not occurred, and he will say "Yes" with all his heart. He doesn't want to lose face but he will do almost anything to get out of his fix.

The American people haven't quite reached the point where they will take the only apparent step possible to get peace, halt bombing. But they blame Mr. Johnson for landing them in the fix. They are apt to take their grievance out on the Democrats, too, in the election. If there were some way of saving face they would jump at it. While this contradiction exists in public opinion we don't put much stock in polls. They record national exasperation, not rational judgment.

The biggest cheer Mr. Nixon got in his Miami Beach acceptance speech was in reference to the *Pueblo*, indignation at "a fourth-rate military power . . . [hijacking] a US naval vessel on the high seas." What a whoop went up! The nation is humiliated and baffled. What would Mr. Nixon do about the *Pueblo*? He didn't say. And the man Lou Harris polls about stopping bombing gets a similar vindictive relief out of saying, "No, never!" He doesn't have to choose the alternative.

Negroes and Nixon

★ We wonder how many Negroes will vote for Nixon-Agnew? A staff analysis of the Nixon defeat of 1960 made by the Republican National Committee, attributed it to the big cities. Among other things the Negro vote (they reported) had dropped from 39 percent in 1956 to only 32 percent in 1960, a loss of between 200,000 and 300,000 votes. This was quite a lot where the switch of 11,874 votes in five states would have defeated Kennedy.

In March, 1964, the GOP National Committee made another analysis; it warned its lieutenants of the "vital importance of the big city vote." The big cities, of course, are where the Negroes are. Mr. Goldwater that year got only nine percent of the nonwhite vote.

Well, there are around 22 million Negroes in the nation, half of whom are of voting age and in the summer of 1966 about 6 million (60 percent of those eligible) were registered. At Miami Beach Mr. Nixon said that 40 percent favored Democrats, 50 percent were undecided and 10 percent were for him. He hoped to raise his ratio to 35 percent.

We wonder. Mr. Nixon's personal record on civil rights isn't bad. Of course there was that off-the-record confession to Southern delegates that the *Miami Herald* picked up, where he explained away his support of public housing and busing. Then there is Spiro Agnew. Then there is his denunciation of the courts, and plea for law and order, which is code for race for some people. Then there is his pal Strom Thurmond.

Thurmond told the United Press the other day that he plans to emphasize Agnew's "tough stand on law and order" in campaigning for Republicans in the Deep South. To counter Wallace, Thurmond said, he would "stress Agnew's record in Maryland." What does it all add up to? We shall be surprised if Nixon-Agnew get as many as Goldwater's 9 percent nonwhite vote.

Alas, we think Mr. Nixon knows this already. We guess he has discounted it. "Law and order" – with racial overtones – is going to be the big issue this fall – bigger than Vietnam. Yes, we think it's going to be race. And we suspect – we fear – that it may be a winning issue.

Note: A subscriber sends in a financial clipping from the *Los Angeles Times* of August 6 telling about the whopping big jump in second-quarter earnings of Occidental Petroleum Corp. The nice thing about it, explained chairman Armand Hammer, is that the company anticipates no tax provision will be required in the second half since earnings of two new concerns absorbed by the company "can be sheltered by Occidental by virtue of its 27½ percent oil depletion allowance." What a jolly way of escaping taxes. The two absorbed companies don't seem to be extractive businesses, either.

If anybody still remembers all the excitement over controlling firearms stirred up by Robert Kennedy's murder, here is what finally happened. An emotional surge by the public inundated Congress with letters. Most newspapers urged action. Then the National Rifle Association went to work.

The NRA not only watered down gun control but inserted an amendment continuing a civil marksmanship subsidy to the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice (associated with NRA) which the Army wanted to discontinue. In summary, NRA defied the public, cowed Congress, diluted control, and emerged with a nice subsidy.

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Moscow; Prague . . .

How do you negotiate with the Soviet Union "from strength," if you are bogged down in Vietnam? That is a question for Richard Nixon, who earlier this remarkable year proposed putting mysterious pressures on the Russians, without defining them. But it is also a very good question for this Administration, and for Vice President Humphrey in his role of candidate for the White House. Before Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin broke the news to President Johnson about Dobrynin's masters' latest rape of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Johnson had sounded out Dobrynin about a Johnson visit to Moscow. The President was interested in going there mainly for the purpose of discussing a halt to the nuclear missiles race between the two superpowers. But the Russians' minimum price for inviting Mr. Johnson to vodka and summitry in the Kremlin was, almost certainly, a total halt of this country's bombing of North Vietnam. They could scarcely ask less without both Hanoi and Peking accusing them of selling out to the dirty imperialists. Apparently the President felt he could not pay that price, even though he has already limited the bombing and although not one but two Defense Secretaries have made it perfectly plain that there is no inverse correlation between American bombing of North Vietnam and American casualties in the South. (When the bombing goes down, the casualties don't go up; on the contrary, they too go down.) But the hell with what Clifford or McNamara says; Mr. Johnson has his own highly emotional views and he gave them thunderous expression in Detroit on August 19. Not a single step, until Hanoi convinces him it's "moving seriously toward peace." That of course hands Hanoi control of how much longer the war is to go on.

By loosing his emotions in the tempting atmosphere of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the President possibly gave Brezhnev the green light for seizing Prague. The Soviet hardliner conceivably felt he could afford, after all, to ignore the United States, which behaved so "correctly" when the Russians threatened the Czechs earlier, and which seemed determined to go on having its hands full in Southeast Asia. The communist invasion of Czechoslovakia was launched only 24 hours after Mr. Johnson's "firm" speech in Detroit. None of this excuses Brezhnev, needless to say. If the President erred, the world's top communist committed an act of criminal folly. The Kremlin is likely to rue it many a long day. Communism is finished in Europe. It may even be finished inside Russia. The men in the Kremlin have

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proved they are fantastically out of touch with the new generation of Russians as well as with all other countries. In Europe, they have lost forever what claims they still may have had on the loyalties of Western communist parties like the French and Italian; and the communists who rule Rumania were preparing last week to take up arms if necessary to save themselves from the Czechs' fate.

Why did the Russians do it? Apparently they had become fearful of shadows. The Moscow ideologues envisioned the prewar Little Entente of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia recreating itself and perhaps turning to de Gaulle. Moscow's neurasthenia is proved by the extremely modest sort of internal changes the Czechs were considering. There was a timid suggestion that, while Czech communists would of course always obey the party line, they might be permitted to publish slightly critical views of it, if they felt that way. Such a shocking breach of un-freedom was too much for the Russians; the bad example might have spread as far as the Ukraine. Now it seems the Cold War will freeze over once again. Yet if only Mr. Johnson had managed to get to Moscow instead of landing in Detroit. . . . But that would have cost a bombing halt, or even stopping the Vietnam war. Unthinkable.

"Will we shut up about Vietnam if they keep quiet about Czechoslovakia?"

. . . Saigon

Everyone knows a new Administration will somehow end the war in Vietnam; European events make this still more urgent. Who really doubts that ending the war requires a new government in Saigon? President Thieu declines to broaden his administration to include even non-communists who propose negotiations with the communists. He imprisoned his opponent in the presidential election, Truong Dinh Dzu; keeps General Minh in exile; expelled Dr Dan from the Cabinet; had a military tribunal condemn other critics to death; cracks down on newspapers. All this is done under a Constitution that, like Stalin's, "guarantees" all citizens' "fundamental rights," and advocates no "discrimination as to sex, religion, ethnic origin or political party."

Since Thieu interprets the Constitution as empowering him to arrest and imprison and even execute Vietnamese who dare go as far as suggesting negotiations with the communists, it is no surprise that he is dead against inviting communists to join in a coalition government such as Senator McCarthy has long proposed. McCarthy believes this country should negotiate with Saigon, Hanoi and the South's pro-communist National Liberation Front, to set up a provisional coalition government representing all major elements in the South including the Front. Nothing, not the Vietnamese Constitution or anything else, gives Thieu a right to veto a coalition and still retain the US as his ally doing most of the fighting. McCarthy's reply to charges that his plan would "impose" a coalition on the South took the form of a question: "Are they going to tell us how long we must fight and what terms we can accept?" Senator Edward Kennedy clarified *his* stand on August 21: "The most important spur that we can provide to the Saigon government to persuade it to broaden its base, increase its appeal and negotiate an accommodation with the National Liberation Front, is to make clear our intention to withdraw from the South as Hanoi withdraws, and our complete unwillingness thereafter to bear the burden of their responsibilities, and to pick up the pieces of their failures." Senator Kennedy had no doubts about the failure; he called it "the overwhelming incompetence and corruption of our South Vietnamese ally. . . ."

Vice President Humphrey has long regarded any coalition that included the Front as tantamount to "putting the fox in the chicken coop." Richard Nixon said on March 9 that "a coalition government (or another partition) would end the war but would lose the peace." But Nixon favors "a negotiated settlement," so he owes voters an explanation of how this can be achieved. He won't tell. "Under no circumstances should a man say what he would do next

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January. I'm not going to take any positions that I would be bound by at a later point." He has nevertheless adopted one: the American troop commitment in Vietnam should be "phased out," tied to the "phasing in" of more South Vietnamese troops. This means that the GOP has joined the Johnson Administration in treating the Vietnam war as a merchandizing problem, solved by putting old soap in new boxes. The Republican platform pledges "a strategy permitting a progressive de-Americanization of the war, both military and civilian. . . . We will pursue a course that will enable the South Vietnamese to assume increasing responsibility." The Administration is following the same policy under a different name, and the results are not encouraging. Sixteen months have passed since Gen. Creighton W. Abrams was sent to Vietnam as Gen. Westmoreland's deputy, with the primary assignment of getting more combat out of the Armed Forces of South Vietnam (ARVN). When Westmoreland handed over his command to Abrams in June, he said he was highly encouraged by the progress the South Vietnamese military had made, especially since they began to receive M-16 automatic weapons and other modern arms. He repeated his November 1967 estimate that the United States could begin to "phase down" its effort in the war by the end of 1969 as a result of improvements in ARVN and progressive weakening of the communist forces. The Honolulu communiqué that followed the July 20 meeting of President Johnson and President Thieu noted that a general mobilization had increased the size of ARVN from about 650,000 to nearly 770,000 since Tet, a gain of about 18 percent. In a press conference after the meeting, Thieu said "the Vietnamese Armed Forces are ready from 1969 to take progressively more and more responsibility." Westmoreland said last November that the South Vietnamese would assume "a major share of front-line demilitarized zone (DMZ) defense in 1968." Instead, the share of the burden carried by US forces throughout Vietnam has continued to increase. There are now 100,000 more Americans there than in April 1967, when Abrams arrived in Saigon, and there are about 10,000 more scheduled to come. In all of 1967 the United States suffered 9,378 combat deaths, the South Vietnamese armed forces, 12,716 combat deaths. In the first half of this year, the US forces suffered another 9,594 combat deaths while the South Vietnamese suffered 10,084. In recent weeks, US deaths have exceeded South Vietnamese deaths. Yet the number of South Vietnamese under arms continues to be about half again as large as the number of Americans.

A major purpose of the recent build-up in South Vietnam's forces was to strengthen the regional and popular forces, militia units with limited resources. On August 15, Peter Braestrup reported in *The Washington Post* that the RF and PF constitute Saigon's main protection against a surprise communist attack. These units in the Saigon region have been armed with the M-16 and supplied with American advisers. But Braestrup reports, "Of the 48 RF companies supposed to act as mobile forces, three are rated as 'good' by US advisers." One RF battalion, "about 350-500 men," has killed exactly 11 Viet Cong since January. "On a recent weekend, 1,600 ambush patrols around Saigon produced two contacts with communist units," Braestrup said, reporting that US advisers feel the problem of quality will be unresolved "until senior ARVN commanders begin to take daily interest in the humble RFPF, and ARVN junior officers start going out on ambushes themselves." Few of the regular ARVN units assigned to the defense of Saigon get high ratings from American advisers. And Braestrup reported that the elite Marine units stationed in Saigon as a mobile striking force have been held back by their leader, a general who has political differences with Thieu. In other words, the problem with the South Vietnamese military remains, as always, a lack of a sense of urgency about the defense of the country.

The program to hand the war progressively over to the South Vietnamese has also hit another familiar snag – North Vietnam's ability to out-escalate the allies. The communist forces in South Vietnam have grown by more than 30 percent since January, according to US intelligence estimates, or at about twice the rate of growth of South Vietnamese and American forces combined. Washington officials refuse now to endorse either Westmoreland or Thieu on the prospects for phasing down US involvement in the war next year. Negotiation or unilateral withdrawal remains the only sensible way out of the Vietnam bog.

How the Czechs Got A US Brush-off

United Nations

An East European diplomat here was giving this private warning before the fall of Prague: "The American Administration is doing everything it can to persuade the leaders in the Kremlin that no matter what they do to the Czechs, the US will *not* move. It's not only a policy of hands off. It's a public display of absolute impotence." He continued: "Of course, every student of the US psychological climate knows that the US, deeply involved as it is in Vietnam, could not do anything to protect the liberal regime in Prague. But the men in the Kremlin fear the Americans; they mistrust them. They know that in 1950 Stalin had good reasons to believe South Korea would fall into his grip and the Americans would never intervene.

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Truman's decision to defend South Korea came as a terrible shock to the whole communist world. Again in 1962, Khrushchev never thought the US would risk an atomic confrontation to prevent the installation of Soviet missiles in Cuba. By his initiative, Kennedy inflicted on the Soviets a terrible humiliation, from which they have yet to recover fully. For all these reasons, the men in the Kremlin were for a while doubtful about a possible American intervention over Czechoslovakia. But Washington did everything to reassure them. I am sure their uncertainty about what Washington will do if they send their troops to Czechoslovakia doesn't any longer exist."

Czech officials posted in this country complained about "the inexplicably cold and hostile attitude" which Washington officials were, they said, displaying towards the Dubcek regime on every occasion. "Not only didn't they make the slightest move to help us sell more of our goods on the American market, though they know how desperately we needed a few more dollars, not only did they make no real move to return to us our gold, kept here since World War II, but for a long time they even opposed our modest request to open a small trade representative's office in New York, absolutely essential to help us to increase contacts with American businessmen. It was evident that in every way possible the American Administration wanted to get to us its message: Do not count on us in any circumstances."

It is no secret that on orders "from above" all the news media controlled by the State Department, and catering to East Europe, like Voice of America, Radio Free Europe beaming in Czech to Czechoslovakia, Radio Liberty, etc., were in recent weeks under strict official surveillance, a real censorship which was removing anything that could be considered as "objectionable" to the Soviet Union in the Czech context.

One of the main reasons for the menacing attitude taken by the Soviets toward the Czechs was earlier pressure by the Polish leaders. During the meeting in Warsaw of the five communist countries, Gomulka and some of his lieutenants declared that should the liberals in Prague remain in power, the communist regime in Poland would fall, replaced first by "revisionists," and later by "reactionaries." Afterwards, the same argument was repeated during the numerous telephone and cable communications between the Moscow and Warsaw leaders. My *Le Monde* report of this on August 2 immediately provoked feverish activities in Warsaw, with Polish officials making strenuous efforts to persuade Western newsmen that if no military intervention against Czechoslovakia took place, the credit belonged to Gomulka, who "persuaded the Soviet leaders to abstain from such methods."

But despite those denials in Warsaw, East European officials in this country had ample information that the idea of intervention was not dropped.

They knew for instance that in closed meetings of Polish Communist Party members, and at the briefings for Polish Army officers, the "necessity of intervention" was stressed in unequivocal terms. Similar reports were coming from East Germany. Strong hostile sentiments against Polish and East German tourists were reported from Rumania and Hungary. Many of those tourists reportedly were forced to leave prematurely.

Only last week, an East European in the UN analyzed the situation in those terms: "If the Soviet leaders fail to topple the Czech liberal regime soon, in six months, Brezhnev will share the fate of Khrushchev, and Kosygin may follow. The problem of Czechoslovakia has boiled down to that of the survival of the present Soviet leadership."

Events have confirmed that Messrs. Brezhnev and company decided to survive. PHILIP BEN

Fortas vs. Thurmond

President Johnson's nomination of Associate Justice Abe Fortas to be Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court is in grave jeopardy. It is quite likely to die in the Senate Judiciary Committee when James O. Eastland of Mississippi, chairman, reconvenes that body after the conventions; or, given a slim committee vote for confirmation, the Senate as a whole may refuse confirmation. These are serious possibilities. Justified disquiet over the crude collaboration of President Johnson and Chief Justice Warren, who has not quite retired and who undertakes to remain on the Court if Fortas is not promoted, contributes to the opposition. So does Mr. Fortas' pretended candor, and actual lack of candor, in describing to the Judiciary Committee his crony role in the President's service before and since he joined the Court. But consideration of this kind cannot obscure the talents of Mr. Justice Fortas and his record as a liberal and enlightened advocate and interpreter of the laws and the Constitution. They do obscure the vicious motivations which in fact underlie and strengthen the opposition.

Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who after the GOP convention must be reckoned a power in the Republican Party and in the country, told his delegation at one point in Miami Beach that if it held firm for Nixon he (Thurmond) would be mightily encouraged in his battle against the Fortas nomination. Shouts and handclaps greeted his assurance to the Carolinians that "We hope to defeat Mr. Fortas' confirmation" and "If we can defeat this confirmation, in my judgment it will be a turning point in this nation." A turning point, of course, away from federal enforce-

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ment of basic rights and back to the hoary notions of states' rights which Senator Thurmond personifies. On NBC's "Meet the Press" on August 18, he said he just didn't know whether his man, Richard Nixon, "will be speaking out against Mr. Fortas." But the senator knew why *he* opposed Mr. Fortas, or anyhow which of his reasons he chose to assert in public: ". . . his decisions have turned loose criminals on technicalities; they have allowed communists to teach in schools and colleges; they have allowed communists to work in defense plants and his decisions have reversed the local communities and the lower courts on the matter of obscenity." And: "We [of the Senate Committee] are not trying him for impeachment but we are trying him (sic) to determine his qualifications to be Chief Justice and we think his decisions on the Court, in the way I have related them, show that he is not qualified to be the Chief Justice. In fact, I don't think he is even qualified to be on the Court."

Gene in New England

In Massachusetts, the most important consequence of a Democratic Party nomination of Hubert Humphrey will be to strengthen the growing political force represented by Eugene McCarthy's supporters, who already are putting up their own candidates across the state in the September 17 primary. Humphrey has inherited voters' resentment of Lyndon Johnson and the war. There is strong sentiment for a fourth party write-in campaign for McCarthy in the November general election (it is too late to get the Minnesota senator's name on the ballot in Massachusetts). The state's McCarthy headquarters – in accordance with Senator McCarthy's wishes – kept the lid on fourth party write-in campaigns, but it's doubtful the state organization, or McCarthy, can stop a McCarthy write-in drive in Massachusetts if Vice President Humphrey gets the nomination.

The McCarthy organization is well on the way to permanency. Paul Counihan, McCarthy's campaign manager in Massachusetts, believes the organization can play a strong role in the 1970 state elections. There are 241 active McCarthy committees in the state.

Fifteen McCarthy supporters entered the Massachusetts Democratic primary, with more expected to be added. Two who won stunning upset victories in the spring primary for Democratic Convention delegates are given excellent chances of defeating incumbent congressmen. The Rev. John Elder, assistant dean of the Harvard Divinity School, is opposing Congressman Torbert Macdonald in the Seventh Congressional District; Macdonald has toned down his support of the Vietnam war and endorsed McCarthy. In the Fourth Congressional District, Mayor Joseph Casdin of Worcester is running hard against Congressman Harold Donohue.

In New Hampshire, the story is similar. The New Hampshire Committee for Peace in Vietnam, a conglomeration of anti-war groups, could be the rallying point for a fourth party movement if Humphrey is nominated. It would be a simple matter to enter Senator McCarthy's name on the ballot by Sept. 16.

Dartmouth Professor David Hoeh, McCarthy's New Hampshire campaign manager, and William Dunfey, a former Democratic state chairman, have effectively pressured Democratic Party candidates to loosen up their conservative stands. Democrat Vincent Dunn of Concord, a former state banking commissioner, and early McCarthy supporter, has aroused much interest in his gubernatorial candidacy. Governor John King, who a few months ago vowed to go all the way with LBJ and the war, has done a 180-degree turnaround. "He sounds like Senator McCarthy when he talks about the war now," says Hoeh, who is the Democratic candidate against Rep. James Cleveland.

Report from Chicago

Next week we shall carry reports from Chicago on the Democratic National Convention by Gilbert A. Harrison, Paul Wieck, and others.

The Editors

Has Anybody Here Seen Gilligan?

Cleveland

The dilemma of the Democratic Party this year can be dramatized by the beleaguered senatorial candidacy of Democrat John J. Gilligan of Ohio. It was Gilligan, you'll recall, who trounced Senator Frank J. Lausche back in the May primary, and transfused an anemic state party into the best state of health it's enjoyed in a generation. Everybody was happy last spring: party chieftains like Eugene P. O'Grady, a new and progressive state chairman; organized labor, which hatched a $300,000 egg for Gilligan's campaign.

But that was last spring. Gilligan, a dove on Vietnam, was forced to dodge the ack-ack from both the Humphrey and labor battle stations.

The showdown came when, under great pressure from Humphrey's operatives in Washington and within the Ohio delegation, O'Grady agreed to call a presidential preference caucus in Columbus. Hanker-

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ing for a pre-convention psychological boost for their man, the Humphrey forces insisted upon a show of hands. (They figured they had at least 85 to 90 delegates wrapped up anyway; they got 60 out of a possible 115, with the remainder either going for McCarthy (3), voting no choice or not voting at all. Actually, McCarthy's strength that night was probably closer to 30.)

As the hotly-pitched caucus dragged on, the halls outside the caucus chamber in the Neil House Hotel bulged with reports that organized labor had threatened to hold back $200,000 from Gilligan's November campaign unless he promptly raised Humphrey's banner. There were other warnings to O'Grady: unless he went along with the caucus, he might very well find himself on welfare.

O'Grady had wanted the delegation to go to Chicago uncommitted. So had a number of other Ohio politicians, including Gilligan and Rep. Charles Vanik of Cleveland. (A few days later, Vanik, still bristling from the caucus, announced for McCarthy.) But Lewis Rivlin, a Humphrey regional coordinator, passed all this off as a plot by O'Grady, whom Rivlin blithely suggested was "perhaps motivated by a desire to be a king-maker," a role that Rivlin seemed to have reserved for himself.

So the cards were on the table. O'Grady was bumped aside as caucus chairman and replaced by National Committeeman Albert S. Porter, a Humphrey supporter who has seen his influence slipping in recent months. Cleveland businessman Howard Metzenbaum, who backed the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy, was kicked off the National Credentials Committee and replaced by Ohio AFL-CIO President Frank King. When the vote finally came, Gilligan was among more than 20 delegates who had absented themselves.

Although Gilligan, a member of the National Platform Committee, found himself on the outside looking in on the Humphrey bash, he pledged to carry his fight for a peace plank to the floor of the convention, if necessary, because "I think that's the way the country ought to go."

But his decision to split with the Administration on Vietnam may prove costly to his own candidacy and the bright prospects of the state party. He will be running against a veteran Republican campaigner, Attorney General William Saxbe, who will get handsome support from big business and Ohio's well-heeled and disciplined Republican Party. Gilligan, the man the Democrats were raving about last May as the "hottest political prospect around," could well find money from the union coffers less plentiful than it was last spring, while trying to survive a new wave of factional bloodletting in Ohio.

Abe S. Zaiden

No Love Lost

Atlanta

"Let me give you an example," Maynard H. Jackson said in response to my opening question about "these reports" that he's getting white support from unexpected sources in his race against Senator Herman Talmadge. He then recounted an 8 a.m. telephone call he received at his home the Sunday after he filed. As Jackson recalled it, the caller said:

"You don't know me but I'm a cracker from below Macon. I'm a small farmer and I'm in an organization of about 75 small farmers. I want you to know that when Herman Talmadge talks about farmers, he doesn't mean us. He means the big farmer and they're squeezing us off the farms. We have to go and beg for $1,000 or $2,000 in parity payments while one farmer in our county gets $84,000 and Jim Eastland gets $13,000 per month. I ain't never lost no love for colored folks in my life but I have to admire someone who can rise above his background." At that point, Jackson, an articulate 30-year-old lawyer from an established black bourgeois family in Atlanta, paused to say: "I don't think he realized he was insulting me." Then he continued to quote the cracker: "We're going to vote for you and even though we don't have much money we're going to send you what we can."

Since then, several people traveling the roads of south Georgia have reported seeing cracker-driven pickups with a Wallace sticker on the front and a Jackson sticker on the rear.

It is a little difficult to imagine a black man – even an articulate, well-educated and light-skinned one – openly campaigning for white votes in Georgia's rural backwoods without putting his personal safety on the line. But Jackson has been doing it, again with surprising results. His campaign manager tells a story out of Tifton, a small town in south Georgia. There, Jackson walked up to a group of old codgers sitting in front of the courthouse to shake hands with them and ask for their votes. One just shook his head in astonishment. But the old men, all white, followed him inside the courthouse. After a brief conversation next to the water fountain, one said: "I been reading about you and I been thinking I might vote for you. Mind you, I didn't say I would but I been thinking about it." That, in Georgia, is a 1,000 percent improvement. Within the memory of each of us, a Negro uppity enough to ask for the vote of a white man would at least have been run out of town.

His crowds are also surprising. In Rome, a labor center in northwest Georgia regarded as "moderate" by Georgians, Jackson and his aides expected 200 at a barbecue only to find it drew nearly 500, nearly half

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of them white. The "high sheriff," as Floyd County residents call their top law officer, not only came but cooked the steaks. Other white politicians mingled conspicuously in the crowd.

Jackson reads his cracker support as a "rebirth of populism in Georgia." He claims "people are mad because they're being ignored and, at the same time, have a growing awareness that there are problems common to all people that transcend the irrelevancies of race and class."

The encouraging thing is just that – Jackson's white support often relates to specific issues and Jackson's willingness to discuss them. In the case of the crackers, a good deal of the Jackson backing can be traced to the outrage of the state's 27,000 tobacco farmers over what they regard as Senator Talmadge's failure to protect their interests in the last couple of years. Organized labor is attracted by Jackson's stand in favor of repeal of Section 14-B (the right-to-work provision) of the Taft-Hartley Act. As a result, Jackson has picked up endorsements from the influential Teamsters Union and from the Chemical Workers. Bob Butler, chairman of the Atlanta Labor Council (AFL-CIO) is heading Jackson's labor committee.

These are the signs of a "new politics" emerging in the Deep South, a politics in which economic considerations are overriding. It is in its infancy but, out of the last troubled decade, it has finally begun to take definite form. It is the politics of black people weary of the tokenism of men like Herman Talmadge, who is fond of telling colleagues in Washington how carefully he has to handle himself on the racial issue, keeping just enough behind the tide to keep from being washed ashore. It is also the politics of a younger generation of southerners who are willing to put racial discrimination behind them.

Senator Talmadge, like so many of his contemporaries, hasn't caught that spirit. He still serves the interests of the business community, confident that the racism of rural Georgia will outweigh its economic interests and serve him well in an election year.

No one expects Maynard Jackson to defeat Senator Talmadge on Sept. 11, or even to come close. Before he announced in mid-June, he was unknown politically, even to the black community in the state. But his supporters now talk of his carrying Fulton County despite Talmadge's support in the white business community, and picking up enough support outside the Atlanta metropolitan area to get up to 40 percent of the primary vote.

That would be enough to thoroughly embarrass Talmadge, which is probably the goal of most of Jackson's white supporters this year. It is significant that they're willing to vote for a black man to accomplish that end.

Paul Wieck

The Ray Case

Memphis

Midnight was long past when a Negro taxi driver whom I will call Mr. Smith told me to drink up the last of the beer and come on if he was to take me from the Waldorf Cafe, a murky establishment run and patronized by blacks, to my hotel. Mr. Smith was a find among taxi drivers, a burly and intelligent man who had traveled the world in the Army and Air Force, had studied architecture, and was moonlighting while he sought a job in that profession. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference had just ended its annual jamboree, or convention, in this nervous city (*NR*, August 24) and Mr. Smith had been vocal in his doubts, of a kind common to many enterprising and conservative Negroes, that the SCLC and its flamboyant leadership could or would deliver on all they promised. He had also told me not to get him wrong: he and thousands of other Memphis Negroes like him were working and expected to go on working for what they had and hoped to have. They wanted no handouts. But they were mad as hell, mad at the whites who cheated and bullied them and kept them down, and they were ready to blow with the worst of the local punks (his term) who had infested the fringes of the SCLC convention. "You and me, Mister, we're sitting on a powder-keg right this minute," he said as we walked from the cafe to his cab in the warm and humid pre-dawn air. That kind of remark is heard in every American city these days, but I paid attention because Mr. Smith so evidently meant what he said and knew what he was talking about. I paid attention, too, because it was said about Memphis – heart city of the mid-South, at once prosperous and decaying, a good town and an evil town, determined (in its white self) to believe with its afternoon newspaper that it is on the brink, not of the explosion foreseen by Mr. Smith, but of "a new era of understanding and reconciliation between our racial groups."

Mr. Smith was laughing at that piece of editorial wishery when we passed the stubby stone building, dark then, that fronts upon Washington Avenue between Second and Third Streets. It is the Shelby County jail and criminal courthouse. Policemen stood at each end of the Washington Avenue block, which has been closed to traffic since mid-July, and beside temporary guard-houses at the jail's rear entrances. His laughter stilled, nodding toward the jail and speaking somberly, Mr. Smith said, "They got The Man in there, you know. What do you think they're gonna do with him?"

The Man is James Earl Ray, who is accused of

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shooting and killing Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. here last April 4, and who awaits the beginning of his trial on November 12. He is confined at the top of the jail, in a windowless and air-conditioned cell, and is permitted by a strict and in some respects unprecedented court order to see only his guards, his attorneys, and relatives. I had spent a couple of days talking (briefly) with Ray's prosecutor, with one of his attorneys, with the judge who will try him, and (at length) with reporters who have lived with the case since Dr. King was killed and Ray was arrested in London. My quickie impression, I told Mr. Smith, was that the prosecution seemed to be a good deal more confident than some of the best-informed reporters were that it had the evidence necessary to convict.

Mr. Smith shook his head. "I'm telling you, Mister," he said, "and you better believe it – if they let The Man go, this will be a burned-down city."

A fear that Mr. Smith is right in his judgment of the temper of Negroes here and elsewhere – that, regardless of the evidence or lack of it to be produced at the trial, multitudes of black Americans will take anything less than a first-degree conviction of Ray to be another of Whitey's tricks and will act accordingly – pervades this city and casts a shadow over the preparations for the trial. In the opinion, mostly unwritten, of reporters and other observers who know far more about the whole affair than I do, it accounts in some part and perhaps subconsciously in some instances for the continuing insistence of the concerned authorities, from US Attorney General Ramsey Clark down to those encountered here, that the evidence so far gathered indicates that the killer of Dr. King acted alone. If there was no conspiracy, if there are no conspirators to be found and brought to trial, the prosecution of Ray will be a simpler and more straightforward process than it could be otherwise. That much is clear, and the hope of the authorities that the case will remain simple in this sense is equally clear. Reporters familiar with the case and its principals say that Phil M. Canale, the Shelby County district attorney, who will prosecute Ray, is convinced and expects to remain convinced that there was no conspiracy. Mr. Canale told me that this is a distortion of his view and of the policy he is following in preparing his case. "Only one person has been indicted for the murder of Dr. King," Mr. Canale said, "and we are proceeding on the course indicated by that fact. If another person or other persons are indicted, we will proceed on the course indicated by *that* fact." When I remarked that he, by virtue of his office, had the principal responsibility for initiating any other indictments, he said that he had said all he was going to say or was permitted to say under the restrictive orders issued by Criminal Court Judge W. Preston Battle. At his own reminder of Judge Battle's orders, a look of alarm contorted Mr. Canale's face. "My God," he said, "I may already have violated the orders. You'd better just say I said that only one man has been indicted and stop there."

Whatever develops before and at the trial, Judge Battle's orders governing its conduct and the preliminaries to it have made legal history and he knows it. "Here we are at the cutting edge, the very frontier, of the law," he says. The Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, a notably staid and cautious journal, suggested editorially on the day I saw him that he may have gone over the edge and beyond the frontier of affirmed law, and he calmly acknowledged that this may be so. So far as he knows, no other trial judge has gone to the lengths he has in his three orders – dated July 18, 23, and 30 – to implement the 1966 mandate of the US Supreme Court that in criminal cases "The Courts must take such steps by rule and regulation that will protect the processes [of justice] from prejudicial outside interference." His original order forbade everybody even remotely connected with the Ray case – federal officers and local police, other officials, courthouse hirelings, lawyers and their employees, present and prospective witnesses among others – to discuss with the press any aspect whatever of it. His second order limited the restriction to statements "which may be prejudicial to a fair trial" and was issued, Judge Battle says, because he felt that the first one "may have usurped powers I do not have." But the third, issued upon the advice of a panel of Memphis attorneys, broadened the earlier ones and specifically forbade all of those enjoined to discuss such seemingly innocuous matters as "the treatment, acts and attitude of the defendant." Newspapers and other media are not directly covered, but all of their likely sources are. When I asked Judge Battle if his orders meant that the county sheriff could not tell me what Ray had eaten for breakfast that morning, he smiled and said, "A judge can't cover every detail. He has to draw his orders in broad terms. If some people overreact to it, I can't help that."

In practice, the effect is tempered by a tacit understanding between the judge and reporters who are burrowing into every cranny of the case – including the suspicion, rife among some of them and in the black community of Memphis, that Dr. King's killer did *not* act alone. Judge Battle did not object when it was disclosed that William Bradford Huie, a journalist who specializes in gaudy Southern outrages, had an exclusive contract with Ray to write his biography and a companion contract with his Birmingham attorneys, Arthur J. Hanes and his son, Arthur, Jr., who do not demur when they are identified as frequent defenders

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of accused Ku Kluxers. The senior Hanes introduced Huie to Judge Battle last week and supported his request – amiably denied – for permission to interview Ray before the trial. Huie later announced, without fear of judicial wrath, that Ray had provided him with 10,000 words hand-written in his cell. Judge Battle, aged 60, an experienced trial lawyer who was first appointed to the criminal bench in 1959 and was elected to his present eight-year term in 1966, knows well enough that certain reporters have their little arrangements with jail trusties, short-term convicts, and others who may glimpse Ray in his confinement or pick up jailhouse gossip about him. He has only to read between the lines of local and other news accounts to know, also, that attorneys and law enforcement officers continue to unburden themselves, in technical violation of his orders. All he expects and requires is that nothing that in his judgment is "prejudicial to a fair trial" is printed or broadcast. "I have a horror," he says, "of usurping anybody's freedom." So far, the freedom of the press has not been substantially usurped. James Earl Ray is headed toward his trial in an atmosphere that promises justice.

John Osborne

The Post Office: **Who Needs It?**

by David Sanford

It would be illuminating to know who, if anyone, has read the thousand-plus pages of report and technical studies produced by the President's Commission on Postal Organization last month. The five volumes, stacked, measure more than six inches and thus seem to satisfy the terms of Lyndon Johnson's order for "the most searching and exhaustive review ever undertaken" of the postal service. Those who have dipped into *Towards Postal Excellence* seem to agree that it is indeed searching and exhaustive and its radical recommendations quite likely ensure that, if read, it will never be fully implemented. The Frederick Kappel Commission, so-called for its chairman, the former board chairman of AT&T, would reorganize the Post Office as a self-supporting public corporation with authority to set its own postage rates, with a board of directors to keep it in the black, with the latest mechanical contrivances for handling mail, and with employees hired not through patronage but on the basis of merit. It would remove the Postmaster General from the President's Cabinet, where he does not belong, and relegate the whole department to the status of the Tennessee Valley Authority, or to that of an efficient American bar-soap manufacturer.

President Johnson loves commissions but he doesn't like them to be visionary, to come back with recommendations that have little chance with Congress. So, as he did with the riots commission, Johnson thanked the Kappel group "for its sobering judgment on what is required," expressed the "appreciation of the nation for this penetrating study," and appointed two new groups to study the study – one at the Post Office itself and the other at the Budget Bureau. These presumably will report to him by September 15 with recommendations on the recommendations of the Kappel Commission. That brings everything full circle: the Kappel Commission was generated by an internal Post Office study.

Some may wonder about the utility of spending $1-million and a year's time to produce a study whose findings could be, and were, summarized by the President as follows: "Postal service is not keeping pace with the growth of America, the procedures for administering executive departments of the government are not appropriate for the Post Office, and a basic change in direction is required"; or whose recommendations could be reduced to: "greatly improved postal service for all Americans, ending the postal deficit, better career opportunities and working conditions for postal employees."

In light of the President's remarks, Arthur D. Little, Inc., the short-order research colossus that was paid $457,000 to plumb postal "marketing and technology" for the commission must wonder whether this is honest money.

The President gave his commission short shrift. The report is really much more specific and forthright than Lyndon Johnson made it appear, and it has been complimented all around for its lucid, direct style.

The Post Office, besides being a good place to work for hippies, has little to recommend it. It loses money and sometimes mail. It never had public appreciation

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to lose since it is the mail that doesn't get there on time, the ever-increasing rates, the junk mail, the threat of suspended Saturday deliveries, and sundry inefficiencies that are noticed above the fact that it is possible at all for billions of pieces of mail to be transmitted at reasonably low cost in relatively short time from place to place.

Nobody likes the Post Office except politicians who use it to dispense 7,000 petty postmasterships and the men who get the plums (and *they* may spend a lifetime underemployed in a postal service which offers no opportunity for transfer or promotion). To be a postman is to be bitten by dogs. Civil Service affords some mailmen job security, and gives employment to 132,000 Negroes, but that is about it.

At the top things may be a bit more engaging. But people of talent generally don't hanker after being Postmaster General. A John Gardner might give HEW a whirl. The Post Office gets political hacks, men who crave power above intellectual stimulation and social concern, and who enjoy politics. Hence, Marvin Watson, the Texas sidekick of President Johnson and before him, Larry O'Brien, the adaptable man-of-all-work for two Presidents who, after nine months as Postmaster General, inspired the Kappel Commission study by suggesting to President Johnson that his own job be abolished.

The Postmaster General is a member of the Cabinet, sitting with the Secretaries of State and Defense, and he has the most opulent office in Washington, but his function – overseeing 741,000 employees transmitting parcels from one place to another – is not anything that is likely to be brought up in a Cabinet meeting. Opportunities await the Postmaster General once he has served his hitch (the median term is 31 months). He can go into a related business that might hold his interest (such as representing junk mailers), or his Cabinet post might propel him into an ambassadorship (Poland is nice) or into politics. Come January, when he leaves office, Marvin Watson can go back to Lone Star Steel or write his own ticket elsewhere. But the rewards of *being* Postmaster General are less tangible. Mr. Watson travels about to postal conventions and gives speeches (recently he dedicated a 12-cent Henry Ford stamp in Dearborn). And according to Dr. Lloyd Taylor, Executive Assistant to the Postmaster General, he works an 18-hour day. What is Watson's average day like? "Yesterday, for example," says Dr. Taylor, "I was in a committee meeting either representing him or with him approximately eight hours. You can see my desk got a little stacked up from yesterday. Marvin Watson has a policy that no piece of paper will remain on *his* desk overnight, which explains his night hours. He sees various people that are involved in Post Office – some wanting things, some having more direct inputs. About all I can tell you, he's one of the busiest men I've ever known in my life."

Being Postmaster General does offer challenges that any man with an interest in management could consider opportunities. For one thing the "company" runs a $1.17 billion annual deficit. From time to time things break down completely, as when the Chicago Post Office couldn't function at all for three weeks in 1966. Employees are so unhappy that there is a 23 percent annual turnover. Service is so terrible that cross-country mail often gets to its destination before intra-city mail; regular service is often faster than air mail special delivery. The hiring process takes so long (13 weeks on the average) that 67 percent of job applicants drop out of the screening. Post Offices are dirty, crowded, noisy, poorly lighted, hot in summer, cold in winter. Some 85 percent of postal employees are in the five lowest job classifications; 80 percent end their careers in the same grade they began them. The system is outmoded, Luddite, and in the hyperbole of Larry O'Brien "racing with catastrophe." In other words, it is all a great opening for the talents of a savior. But then that is really a job that must be filled by Congress, which sets postal rates (too low) and determines working conditions (not good), allocates money for new facilities (not enough) wastes its time with patronage, and in short is responsible for the botch. The Postal Commission addressed itself to the President but its message was for Congress. It was simple enough: Appropriate funds necessary to modernize, eliminate patronage, give the agency (i.e. the new public corporation) power to set realistic postage rates without coming to Congress, and generally put the nation's 33,000 post offices in running order.

This year, as part of the $6 billion spending cutback forced on the President, the Post Office budget will be reduced by $170 million.

Dr. Lloyd H. Taylor is coordinating the Post Office task force study of The Report of the President's Commission on Postal Organization – "gathering inputs" which will enable the Post Office to compile a report of perhaps 200 pages by mid-September. Taylor says that no one at the Post Office disagrees with the criticisms made by the Kappel body, but he wonders nevertheless whether that group's recommendations are "practical, realistic," whether a public corporation is the answer. "The problem of running a business is not solved simply *because* you're a business," he says. Businesses can be mismanaged just like government agencies. The Post Office's problem, like that of any business is the need for "a constant and dependable source of capital investment funds. But we have not had it."

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The French Psychodrama

De Gaulle's Anti-Communist Coup

by Stanley Hoffmann

The most interesting aspect of France's great crisis of May-June 1968 is neither its suddenness, nor its scope, nor its spectacular (if perhaps temporary) ending. It is its ambiguity. What remains at stake is nothing less than a nation's capacity to change, not its skin (France has done it often) but its soul.

Lightning revealed, in a flash, the strength of the aspiration to a change in the citizens' perennial attitudes toward authority, in the relation of each individual Frenchman to larger groups within France, in the traditional French conception of freedom. But the crisis also showed the resilience, even within the rebels, of those same old beliefs and patterns of behavior, which they themselves displayed in the midst of their challenge, whose origins had been analyzed over a century ago in Alexis de Tocqueville's study of the *Old Regime*, and whose characteristics have been examined in depth in Michel Crozier's recent *Bureaucratic Phenomenon*. Since the rebels could not overcome, in themselves and in the nation, the features they were rising against, can change now be worked out by the very forces they were denouncing? Was their fiasco a paradoxical prelude to the mutation they sought, or a conclusive demonstration of its impossibility?

The crisis of 1968 was largely due to the impact of widespread transformations: in an educational system hit by mass democratization, in an economy hit by the imperatives of growth and competition, in a regime insufficiently responsive to pressures from below. New tensions triggered a demand for total renovation. But they also triggered old reflexes – those which had shaped France's school system, brand of industrialization, and peculiar political regimes, and which will limit the scope and meaning of any reform as long as they themselves have not changed.

The object of the contest, and the key to its fate, is the French style of authority and of change. In a nation riddled by conflicts, the citizens have traditionally preferred, in every group from the family to the state, to entrust the solution of conflicts to higher authority. But authoritarianism has always been tempered by French individualism: by the citizen's determination to be protected from arbitrariness through a network of bureaucratic rules limiting the scope and intensity of Authority. Hence a permanent series of polar opposites: a rigid, often stifling set of regulations, but also the preservation of the individual's capacity to protest; tight hierarchies controlled by a handful of Important Ones, but also the perpetuation of the Small Ones' escape from involvement and responsibility; centralization coexisting with fragmentation into small groups of castes. Two aspects of this system are especially important: the brittleness of voluntary associations (parties, unions, etc.) which are merely defensive bodies protecting their members against arbitrariness from above, yet expect higher authority to settle their differences and problems; and, of course, the absence of participation and compromise. Liberty is freedom *from*, not freedom *to*; it is defined as resistance and non-dependence; compromise is a pejorative word. The two values served by this style are, first, what Crozier has called the flight from face-to-face relations, i.e. the desire for individual apartheid, and, secondly, the desire of every group to preserve its status in society so that the overall equilibrium (a key notion) would, despite all changes, remain essentially intact.

The highest authority, the ultimate source of regulations, is the state. In quiet periods, when the fear of authority dominates, the French prefer a weak parliamentary system, in which the executive does little more than supervise the bureaucracy, and the legislature supervises both. In troubled periods, the need for authority prevails, and the French turn to a savior, who will last only if he does not violate the citizens' opposition to arbitrary rule. Both types of regimes are supposed to preserve the two basic values. In such a system, the pattern of change is quite unique: the *way* of change is cataclysmic, not gradual, but the *scope* of change is usually limited, especially as it leaves intact and perpetuates the fundamental style of authority. On the one hand, except in times of turmoil, higher authority, hemmed in as it is, is rarely dynamic. Almost inevitably, in a nation where the bulk of educa-

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tion and a huge fraction of the economy are public services, where elected local authorities have little power and no resources, any large-scale demand for change will sooner or later be aimed at the state, either because it failed to protect the citizens from an upset in the equilibrium, or because its own actions had caused such an upset. Moreover, the non-participating citizens, when dissatisfied, behave as rebels rather than as reformers: their whole way of being, fed by a school system that leaves little initiative to its subjects, prepares them for wild utopianism, intransigence and self-righteousness. In other words, in the absence of "participatory" channels of moderate change, the demand for change will be radical. But on the other hand, rebels are not revolutionaries either: they are too negative, too much in love with protest and criticism, too much concerned with preserving the two basic values. Therefore, traditionally, the rebellion disappeared when central authority, aware of the rebels' clumsiness and inaptitude to build something together, granted some concessions at the right moment. Thus the most indispensable changes were made possible, while harmony was restored, and the pattern reaffirmed, as I wrote several years ago, "by flexibility on top and acquiescence at the bottom. . . . By an intriguing paradox, protest succeeds to the extent to which it contained a kernel of specific grievance but fails to the extent to which it was a broader challenge of the decision-makers."

At first, the crisis of 1968 was not a reenactment of the French style of authority, but a revolt against it. Students challenged their professors, denounced the centralized controls of the Ministry of Education over the school and university systems, demanded the two basic new rights of autonomy for every academic unit, and co-management within. In most of the professions, from architecture to medicine, the younger members challenged their less dynamic but all-powerful elders, and proclaimed self-rule. The personnel of the state-run radio and television struck on behalf of objectivity and exerted their own right of self-expression. In the factories, the younger workers challenged the authority of the *patrons* and occupied the plants as a prelude to the exercise of "worker power." Not only was it a rebellion against all establishments and their rules. It was also a moving orgy of face-to-face relations, a sudden, joyous, noisy release from silence and isolation, a delirium of stream-of-consciousness discussions, debates, dialogues. It was no longer the State that was sovereign, it was the word. In a society of highly formal, contractual human relations, there was a surge of spontaneity. In a society of separate individuals, suspicious groups and poor communications among them (symbolized by the retarded telephone system), there was a rush toward community. The students wanted to join hands with the workers, and open the University to all. Even the beneficiaries of the hierarchy: the established professors, the *agregés* of the University, often took the lead in calling for the end of their own privileges.

This last point showed, however, that there was less novelty here than the young revolutionaries believed. It was not the first time that those who had long blocked reform by their obstinate attachment to their privileges were trying to get ahead of a revolution once it had begun: the first to try to do so had been the nobles who, on the night of August 4, 1789, abolished their own special rights. The longing for a thoroughly decentralized nation, with little or no power on top, and power in the hands of "those who work where they work" is as old as French Socialism: overshadowed by Marxism, the dream of Fourier, Proudhon, Sorel had never died in the labor movement, despite the Paris Commune's debacle in 1871. Nor was there anything new in the hyperbolic attacks on industrial society. It had been a constant target, both for an intelligentsia that despises mercantile values and applied sciences, and for a working class half attracted by material comfort, but half repelled by the injustice of business authoritarianism or government deafness, in a fragile and not very dynamic economy easily derailed by high wages or high social benefits.

More striking was the inability of the rebels really to step outside the style of authority they were attacking. Centralization was out, but fragmentation was not: the reforms worked out by the students tended to make of every school or University a sovereign unit undisturbed by outside forces of nationwide concerns. Higher authority was defied, but there was no revolution in the attitude toward conflicts. On the one hand, there grew a mystical hope that self-management would abolish them magically; on the other hand, there was a significant shift from the reasonable and positive claim for "participation" to the romantic, negative and absurd assertion of a right to permanent challenge *(contestation)*. Groups and men unprepared for responsibility prided themselves on behaving irresponsibly. As one young teacher put it, approvingly, "The revolutionaries are men without a program"; as one inscription on the walls of the Paris Law School said, "Let us push together but let us not think together." Instead of motion, movement became an end in itself, and motions became their own rewards. Instead of a program, the non-stop assemblies and committees all-too-often fell for the grand utopian sloganeering typical of French protest, and indicative of a deep nostalgia for the days when France was the world's pathfinder, of a desire to take the torch of revolution away from the Cubans or the Chinese: "Let

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us change man, let us build a new civilization, let us replace the fallacious tyranny of production and consumption with true socialism," etc. Or else, these meetings ended in discord, with each fragment insisting on the exclusive correctness of its own analysis. Or else, inevitably, they were exploited by less naïve if equally utopian small factions of ideologues: the *groupuscules* of Trotskyites, pro-Chinese or pro-Cuban Communists, etc., whose skillful nihilism merged with, and manipulated, the spontaneous, inexperienced rebellion of unorganized students and young workers. The whole thing had a progressive thrust but little positive content, a good direction but no road map. Once again, it was easier to see what was being opposed than what was being proposed. Auguste Comte's old warning: one can destroy only what one can replace, was pathetically answered by another statement on a wall: "I have something to say, but I don't know what." Starting as a scream for innovation, the crisis became one more example of the ritual of French protest.

Moreover, not only did the tidal wave of face-to-face relations soak and sweep those who had generously thrown themselves into it, but the other basic value: the fear of a change in the overall equilibrium of groups, professions and statuses remained unchallenged by the onslaught of *contestation*. Indeed, it inspired this onslaught. For although the occasion of the crisis in education was an extravagant, if familiar, concatenation of government passivity followed by belated brutality, the real cause was a new and drastic social imbalance. There had been a huge increase in the number of University students, in a system in which access to higher education is open to all the graduates of secondary schools. Young men and women who, fifteen or twenty years ago, would not have gone beyond high school, now invaded the University; most of them came from the more prosperous middle and lower middle classes. But there just weren't enough opportunities available to them, either in a University unprepared for such a flood, or in society – especially as so many students, guided by France's traditional scheme of values, were flocking to the humanities and social sciences, where the outlets were smallest. Tens of thousands of students who had gone through the grueling maze of French exams rightly feared that they would find no jobs appropriate to their knowledge, their labors and their degrees. Hence, paradoxically, a reinforced dislike for "industrial society" which condemned them to being misfits. Their revolt was largely based on their determination to preserve their status – on their own terms: without any *numerus clausus* restricting access to the University, without any forcible shift toward technical education, with adequate jobs for all, and with due legal and administrative protection for their rights and ranks!

As for the industrial crisis, it too had an occasion and a cause. The workers, quite spontaneously, seized the moment when Mr. Pompidou gave in to the students, in order to press for their own demands. But the real reason for those was also a new imbalance over the fears of Gaullist rule; planning and the concern for a more productive economy had resulted in strengthening business and its associations, whereas the workers' rate of material advance had slowed down, and the unions remained divided and weak. Moreover, the mild recession of 1967 had led to considerable unemployment and to cuts in social services. Once again, a movement for change sprang from a desire for protection, from a fear of social retrogradation.

None of this means that the drive toward more dignity – through a less authoritarian, bureaucratic and brutalizing school system, through a more equalitarian and humane industrial system – was not genuine. Nor does it mean that those aspirations must remain thwarted. But it means that the drive itself could not carry its masses to victory: the push carried the seeds of its fiasco. However, the crisis was of such a magnitude that the fiasco would have come much later and much more violently, if it had not been for two sets of political factors: France's Communist Party, and de Gaulle's regime.

As in the past, one of the reasons for the crisis had been the divorce between a troubled society and a political system that was both clumsy and complacent. There had been some educational reform, but it had failed to remodel the University, to free it from bureaucratic strangulation, to give it the freedom and resources to experiment, to integrate teaching and research, to create departments, to make teamwork prevail over formal lecture courses, to curb professional absolutism. Yet it had been just extensive enough to multiply friction between fussy innovations and an old structure, and to antagonize students submitted to perpetual experimentation without fundamental change. Moreover, the last Minister of Education, intellectually lucid but politically too prudent, had stopped innovating – except for the highly unpopular decision, reluctantly taken by him under pressure from de Gaulle, to restrict in the future the hitherto free access of students to the University.

As for the economy, de Gaulle had to water down, and practically give up, his old plan for some kind of association between capital and labor in the factories, given the opposition of labor unions (afraid of being "integrated into the system"), of businessmen (fearful about a loss of authority), and of his own Cabinet: so that the only effective measures taken by the Cabinet had been the unpopular ones that I have described

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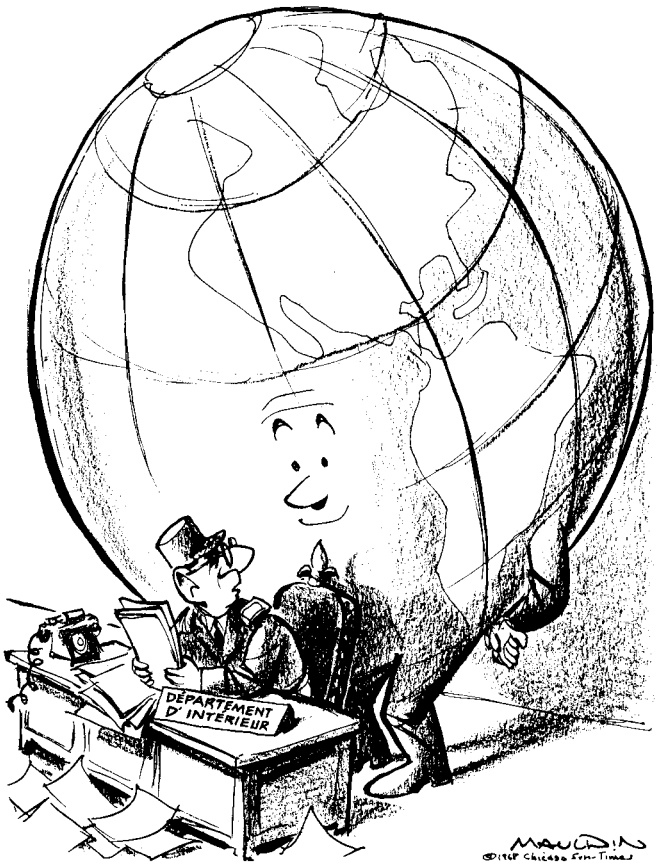
here; moreover, the political procedures for redress just weren't working. Academic reformers and workers were mainly on the Left – which almost assured that they would not be listened to carefully, given the Left's fierce hostility to the Gaullist regime. In the National Assembly elected in March 1967, the Gaullists had no majority, and the coalition of Gaullists with Giscard d'Estaing's group was too sluggish to be reform-minded. Also, in the Fifth Republic, it is anyhow not Parliament that provides the fuel for change. With docile Parliaments since 1962, and surface tranquility in the country, the civil service had become increasingly disdainful of criticism, and oppressively self-confident. When the explosion came, two of de Gaulle's most cherished beliefs were blasted away. He who had created a powerful Presidency capable of ruling France even if French Parliament should again be splintered, now explained that the timidity of the Executive in recent months was due to the absence of a strong majority in the National Assembly (a half-truth concerning the past, but one that could all too easily become a full truth in the post-de Gaulle future). And de Gaulle, who had so often celebrated the "stability, security, solidity" of his constitutional system, discovered that France's troubles had not all been due to weak parliamentary systems, and were not all curable by a "strong state" – not only because a strong state breeds problems of its own, but also because constitutional reform does not by itself solve the deepest of France's difficulties, those that lie in the nature of French society.



"I'll get back to running your affairs when I'm not so busy."

And yet, the very divorce between society and politics which contributed to the drama, squashed it. The rebels, in order to succeed, had to topple the regime. But they had no political experience. They were deeply suspicious of the non-Communist Left, whose inefficiency, fragmentation and social conformism had been amply demonstrated. As a relay toward power, they needed the support of the one true, coherent opposition force: the Communist Party. But the Party turned against them – and twice provided a regime that seemed on the verge of collapse with the help it desperately needed. In mid-May, the Communists prevented the liaison between students and young strikers and decided to generalize the strike so as to regain control of it. Shamelessly, they oriented it exclusively toward material issues (wage increases, social security) instead of "co-management," and toward negotiations with Pompidou. In the decisive days of May 28-29, when the agreement thus negotiated mainly between him and the Communists had been rejected by the workers, the rattled Party – still in order to regain control – finally gave a political content to the strike, but chose to call for a "popular government," or popular front. This meant that it had opted for legal, political action within the constitutional framework. But it also meant that it expected Gaullism to collapse, so that there would be a new government and new elections after de Gaulle's fall. This proved to be a fatal mistake. For although de Gaulle's first speech on May 24 had been a flop – which probably encouraged the Party to count him out – the Communists' call provided him with the opportunity to denounce as the real troublemakers, not the students and workers with whom so many sympathized, but the "totalitarian party" which so many disliked and which had imprudently, if legally, laid its claim to power.

After the crisis, and its defeat at the polls on June 23 and 30, the Communist Party's Secretary-General explained that the situation had not been truly revolutionary, that the Party behaved correctly in refusing to fall into a trap laid by adventurers and *agents provocateurs*, that there would otherwise have been bloodshed and far bigger losses of votes. Perhaps – yet this way of looking at things (with eyes fixed on free elections) contributed decisively to taking the revolution out of the situation. Why did the Party refuse to take any risk other than that of defusing the bomb built by the students and the young workers, for the greatest benefit of a shaken regime which the Communists had denounced for so long? We do not

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know whether Moscow had a large role in the French Party's bizarre strategy. (Is the unprecedented failure of the Party to support Moscow in the Czech crisis evidence of its autonomy, or of resentment against its servitude?) But there are at least three reasons that bring us back to the flow of French history.

First, given its Marxist origins, its Leninist model, and its Jacobin conception of seizing power where it is – at the center – the Party had always disdained and distrusted the anarchist or federalist strains in French Socialism: "worker power" in the factory would have weakened the hold of the Communist-led union, the CGT, on the workers. It would have transferred control not merely from the *patrons* to the workers, but also the CGT's representatives to either a majority of the workers (and in many industries, while the CGT was the biggest union, most of the workers were not members of any union) or to other more dynamic minorities. The Communist Party had been molded by the French style of authority. The *groupuscules* of students who had started the revolution were hostile to the Party, precisely because its own rigid centralization, bureaucracy and orthodoxy appeared to them as the twins of the Gaullist regime's. Second, those very features of the Party, and the fact that it had been pretty much on the political defensive for over twenty years (despite recent changes of tactics), made it inordinately and clumsily hostile toward initiatives taken by groups that were either claiming to be to its left, or under no political control at all. Instead of joining such groups so as to dominate them, the Communists' defensive reflex was to oppose them.

Third, and most important, this action reflected the dilemmas and the fate of all anti-regime opposition movements – of the extreme left or of the far right – in France. They proclaim revolutionary goals, but on the one hand, in a country that remains wedded to stability, with a sizable peasant population that often roars but never rises, and middle classes fiercely attached to their possessions and rights, the situation is almost never ripe for a violent seizure of power. On the other hand, if such movements try to reach their goals through parliamentary maneuvers and electoral politics, they get gradually and grudgingly absorbed into the system. This had happened to the Socialists even before 1914; it happened to de Gaulle's RPF in the early 1950's; it was happening to the Communist Party, which had decided some years ago that its best chances of success lay in a reassuring alliance with the non-Communist Federation headed by Mitterrand and led by Guy Mollet. When the crisis came, the Party's instinct was to denounce and try to drown a movement that conflicted with such tactics, and to reaffirm its course, in the hope that the voters would be grateful to the Communists both for having helped improve the workers' material lot, and for having saved France from civil war and illegality. The calculation misfired.

Gaullism, having been caught by surprise as much as, but of course far more generously than, the political opposition (Communists included), first looked as if it would not recover from the shock. When de Gaulle returned from Rumania on May 18, his life's work seemed in ruins. The man who had wanted to unify the French had apparently half of the French in revolt against him. The celebrator of the strong state presided over a paralyzed administration. The hero who had twice saved the French from disasters provoked by the impotence of their regime now faced a crisis aimed at him. His first reaction, on May 24, was ritualistic and totally inadequate. He announced a referendum – a personal vote of confidence in his own capacity to reform France, a plea to the citizens to delegate to *him* the power to organize *their* participation – just as the revolt, which was still spreading, not only seemed to demonstrate that such confidence was gone, but challenged the whole pattern of leaving public affairs to the sovereign wisdom of the highest authority. Had he stuck to his proposal, in a nation which says no more easily than yes in times of anger and in the absence of a savior, all the oppositions could have combined and ousted him.

At this point, two miracles happened. First, de Gaulle, despite his age, his well-known obstinacy, his obvious distress, and his exhaustion, realized immediately that he had blundered and, pragmatic as ever, looked for a new course. Second, the new stand of the Communists provided him exactly with what he needed. Instead of being the toppling target of discontent, pleading with his subjects for their trust, he could again become the nation's savior, leading the citizens in the fight against subversion and chaos. Up to May 30, he had been on the defensive. Now he seized the offensive, as in 1940 and 1958, and made of the obliging Communists the focus of discontent of all those who, by now, felt annoyed or threatened by growing anarchy. It was a sensational coup. By shelving the referendum and dissolving the Assembly he not only disarmed the Communists, who had themselves proposed the electoral arena as a battlefield, he also obliged the French to choose, not between yes and no, but between Gaullist candidates representing both order and reform, and various squabbling kinds of anti-Gaullists, who seemed to stand either for chaos, or for totalitarianism, or for nothing at all. As long as the battle was in the streets (or in the factories), France was faced with the prospect of anarchy or civil war between the rebels and the police (or the army). Once the battle was moved to the polls, a revolt that was

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both anti-Gaullist and anti-Communist, and indeed derided all existing political forces, was doomed. Things were moving back from fragmentation to centralization. For in the electoral arena, the Gaullists were right in saying that the only real forces were the Communist Party and the Gaullist party; it was the former that helped the latter bring back the revolution into the electoral cage – then providing de Gaulle with the opportunity of denouncing the Communists for subversion, even though, objectively, they had acted as Gaullist accomplices, even to the point of offering themselves as his target!

There is one more paradox. The Constitution, practices and style of the Fifth Republic are those of the more authoritarian pole of French political relations. The revolt, in a nation at peace, no longer troubled by traumas such as the Algerian war, was partly a rebellion against this kind of system, a longing for a more relaxed and routine-like authority, of the sort which French parliamentary Republics had represented. (The young rebels had, it is true, no real memories of, or high esteem for, those faded regimes; but de Gaulle's constant attacks on these regimes may have made them look less bad in the eyes of people exasperated by his manner.) And yet, what helped defeat the revolt was the very nature of the Fifth Republic. A parliamentary system like the Fourth would have collapsed under the shock – the Cabinet would probably have fallen, and chaos resulted, as in May 1958. The Fifth Republic was the institutionalization of crisis government, with its powerful Presidency, and the arsenal of executive controls over Parliament. And even though this crisis proved that such a political system not only cannot avoid major crises, but may even provoke some, it also proved that the regime can then overcome them – at least as long as the strong Presidency is served by a strong President, and the Cabinet headed by an able Prime Minister.

Thus de Gaulle has won – at least a respite. He is clearly determined not to change anything in the central institution (except the Senate). His replacement of Pompidou was probably due – like all his moves – to a great variety of reasons, but certainly one of those was his constantly reasserted conviction that in the Fifth Republic there should be only one head of the Executive: the President, elected by the people. The Prime Minister is not supposed to be an independent leader who emanates from the majority in Parliament; he is but a personal representative of the President, chosen to rule that majority. Insofar as events and personal abilities had made Pompidou behave more like the former kind of Premier than like the latter, constitutional orthodoxy demanded that he be replaced, and put, so to speak, in reserve so as to be, after de Gaulle, what he had tended to become under him: the second President of the Republic. De Gaulle's purge of the personnel of the state radio and television shows his determination to keep his grip. His choice of Couve de Murville as Prime Minister shows both his decision to take personal command of domestic reform (for Couve is primarily a model executor), and his persistent taste for obfuscation (choosing, in 1944, the leader of the domestic resistance, Bidault, as his Foreign Minister; making, in 1959, Michel Debré, the champion of French Algeria, preside over the giving up of Algeria; taking Pompidou, a man primarily concerned with domestic affairs, as Prime Minister for the period in which priority was given to foreign policy, and now that precedence is at last given to internal reform, a man who has been in diplomacy for twenty-five years becomes Prime Minister).

With his renewed power and with his new (or not so new) team, what will the General do, or rather what can he do? Having, as usual, understood and tried to capture and channel the demands from below, he has annexed the key word, "participation." But the crisis has raised one fundamental problem: how far can government reforms go in rapidly changing centuries-old social attitudes and patterns of behavior, short of brutal revolution? To be sure, there is nothing especially French about the problem of the big modern university – about how to keep it a citadel of critical analysis and free thought, while having it serve its function as an instrument of social selection and training. But French peculiarities are making this problem, and others, more difficult to solve. A reform of the University that would copy the American system of diversification and competition among units would be resisted by professors and students alike, in their lyrical hostility to being "integrated into industrial society"; yet meeting the students' demand that there be no limitation to the access of secondary school graduates to the University (a demand accepted by the new Minister of Education) only aggravates the imbalance between the number of students and the opportunities for them.

More generally, if the government, as so often in the past, stills specific grievances by measures decided from the center and at the top – by fiat – it will only perpetuate the old system. People below will feel left out, changes will be absorbed into familiar patterns of bureaucratic authoritarianism and brittle dissent. And the fact is that this old system, once the backbone of a deeply diverse and divided nation, has become France's straitjacket. For modern industrial society needs larger and mentally less cramped elites than the old, more static bourgeois-rural order. In industry, in education, in the professions, the rigid, authoritarian elites are often inefficient, precisely because their de-

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cisions are ill-informed, restrictive, and badly applied by sullen subjects. The centralized bureaucratic state, while substituting for an anemic capitalism, keeps it so. As Raymond Aron once suggested, France is less capitalist and more socialistic than the other advanced Western nations. Balanced growth requires a revival of France's provinces, so long deprived of real autonomy. Above all, the changes listed above require a different school system, less geared to abstract thought and essentially critical faculties of the mind more open to economics and world affairs, and based on cooperation among students as well as between them and their teachers. "Participation" has become a necessity. It is to de Gaulle's credit that even before the explosion, as some speeches had indicated, he had understood that participation was the real prerequisite to any French capacity for a grand role in the world – his lifelong goal. But his own temper and methods fit the old style only.

For the old General so often charged with Bonapartism, it must be tempting to become, in his last phase, a kind of anti-Napoleon: the man who would leave France at peace, more prosperous, and freed from the yoke of Napoleon's steely centralization. But can he do it, and even if *he* were determined to change himself so far as to give the French once more the example of what he expects of them, can *it* be done – can *they* do it? Laws and decrees can establish a new structure, give greater freedom to cities and regions, high schools and universities, create a framework for association within factories: progressive reformers have been suggesting this for years. But vicious circles cannot be broken by legal magic and procedural innovations. If the old system prevented orderly change, democratic participation and compromise, it is also true that it developed precisely because of France's lack of taste for and experience with such ways of thinking and behaving. Will a greater range of freedom to act together cure Frenchmen of their practice of the freedom either to command or to resist? In a first phase, inevitably, the old mentality will be very much present; the new bottles will be filled by the old wine, whose acid may eat into them.

Democratic participation requires not only a new legal framework, but certain kinds of organizations and a certain kind of spirit. It needs strong associations, able to speak for their members, representative of their constituencies, and capable of taking initiatives. At present, neither French labor unions, nor the student bodies, nor many of the professional organizations meet this requirement. They are what they have always been: fairly small, badly split, mutually antagonistic, primarily defensive. Precisely because they have so often opposed the government intransigently, the regime has, in the past, often done its best to weaken them. Who will take the initiative of a complete reversal of attitudes – or will each side wait for the other to reverse itself first? Now, what is just as necessary is a spirit of cooperation, a willingness to solve conflicts by bargaining, a drastic shift away from the old itch to leave decisions to superiors who can then be blamed, a break with the old tendency for each group to look only after its interests, and for central authority to dismiss all such groups as illegitimate nuisances. For so many years, there was no genuine participation because it would have brought forth the pluralism of cacophony; the absence of participation bred both the habit of authority-cum-distrust, and a millennial hope for total change and instant harmony, can democratic pluralism, more conflicted than harmonious, yet more cooperative than cacophonic, be established at last?

As the crisis showed, when each side calls for participation, it still means the miraculous and beneficial elimination of the other. When it asks for a dialogue, it means the capitulation of all other views. The only true revolution would be one that would put an end to such attitudes, and reverse patterns that started (at the latest) in the days of Richelieu. The Gaullist state, confirmed by the voters, can hasten this revolution by setting a good example – not only in creating a new legal network of procedures and institutions, but essentially in consulting, listening, bargaining with interested parties before this framework is drawn up. What will happen if dialogue leads to discord, if the new University, the new decentralized civil service, the renovated Senate, the new schemes of workers' participation have therefore to be either dropped, or established imperatively over the screams of the quarreling factions? Once more, the old method of change would have triumphed, the old mode of adjustment without mutation would operate. Given the embittered mood of many students, the distrust of the labor unions, the resistance of the business community, the strife among teachers and in the professions, the sullenness of the non-Communist Left, the bruised hostility of the Communists, the vindictive and power-greedy feelings of many Gaullists in the National Assembly, and the problematic chances of a mutation of de Gaulle's own personality, the odds for a real revolution are not very high. Yet the shock of 1968 was deep enough to make them higher than at any time since the sad fiasco of the Liberation. The politicians know that this is their opportunity to make the political system relevant to an increasingly indifferent or hostile society. If these chances are not seized, one mural inscription will appear even more prophetic, as a description of France's upheaval, than it already seems: "We want a music that would be savage and ephemeral."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Movie Fan's Movie

Peter Bogdanovich is 29, the author of several brochures for the Museum of Modern Art Film Library and of numerous articles about film. He has now written, directed, and produced *Targets* and also plays a substantial role in it. As a film, it's minor; as a phenomenon, significant. So far as I know, *Targets* is the first picture made in Hollywood by an American critic of

Targets
(Paramount)

the *auteur* school. France has had many new *auteur* directors in the last decade, but Bogdanovich is the first American *auteur* to appear in the city that is a particular heaven for *auteurs*. All those Hollywood elements of commerce and popularity-groveling that seem restrictive to many of us have meant little to *auteurs*. Their chief concern is with the way a director handles the material he chooses – or, in many cases, is assigned. Many of us think of Hollywood as, in general, the home of hacks or of good men hampered. Here is an intelligent, utterly hip young man who *chooses* Hollywood. His action and his beliefs have nothing whatsoever to do with that other group of young film-makers, the Underground or Free Cinema. They are anti-Hollywood. The *auteurs* are, in one sense, the first pop artists and cultists, but with a difference: they can see a fourth-rate melodrama and know it is fourth-rate as a melodrama at the same time that they glory in the director's use of the camera and his expertness in film mythology.

Bogdanovich's story comes out of movies, flutters between movies and life, then goes back into movies. It weaves two chief strands. A famous star of horror films – Boris Karloff more or less as himself – wants to retire. A healthy young Californian goes off his rocker and shoots a lot of people with high-powered rifles before he is caught. The two men cross paths at the beginning, though only the killer knows it, then face each other at the end.

The contrast, of course, is between the fabricated horror of Karloff movies and the quiet horror of life, between the gloomy castles in the Karloff film clips and the sun-drenched, Mustang-mounted murderer. (Reportedly, the use of Karloff and Karloff clips were conditions set by the financial backer.) The strands are counterpointed throughout and finally join. In the last scene the mad youth, in a drive-in, is almost literally *in* a Karloff movie. He sits behind the screen, pokes a hole in it, and fires at the audience. Real death reaches them through the beam of the projector.

This contrast may sound thin in description, but description is words. The story could exist only on film. It is the presence of Karloff, attended by 35 years of our memories, that is essential; no actor playing a Karloff type would have sufficed. The clips from Karloff films are this picture's mythic bona fides. To immerse *Targets* further in pertinent unrealities, Bogdanovich binds his picture closely to films and screens and viewing. The killer, lugging his bag of rifles to the top of an oil-tank in order to shoot at the freeway, has to pass an abandoned studio back-lot en route. He and his family sit watching a late-night TV show like communicants at a stupid and stupefying mass. Karloff and his young director in the story (played by Bogdanovich, the director of this film) watch a segment of an old Karloff film on TV and praise the director, Howard Hawks, a god in the *auteur* pantheon. There are several references to well-known films. When the killer types a note, the camera gives us a huge close-up of the letters d, i, e appearing on the paper, just as the letters w, e, a, k appeared in *Citizen Kane*. Karloff's Chinese secretary quotes an old Chinese proverb that I remember as a Spanish proverb in *The Philadelphia Story*.

There is even a possible film reference in the credits. The director of photography is given as Laszlo Kovacs. This name is the alias adopted by the hero of Godard's *Breathless* and may be a *nom de caméra* for Bogdanovich. If so, all the more credit to him because the color photography is very good.

Purely filmic qualities in *Targets* are used in still another way. The production designer, Polly Platt, co-author of the original story (Bogdanovich wrote the screenplay alone), has made the various settings carry considerable weight. Karloff's hotel suite feels luxuriously unfriendly. The killer's home looks like a colored-plastic, fully automated trap. In fact, the *look* of his San Fernando Valley is the only explanation of his behavior. The two or three mumbled lines about his troubled mental state are feeble. The real motivation is the choking material perfection of his home. And it is not a rich home; its antiseptic, supermarketed tidiness is the middle-class fate. For me, the film's best achievement is in conveying – or at least suggesting – the killer's suffocation, as he makes the daily rounds of colored paper towels, snazzy wall ovens, wall-to-wall carpeting; thinking that this saran-wrapped neatness is what lies ahead of him every single day of his life; thinking: Is this *it*? Is this *all*? And then boiling sideways in a violent effort to escape from the mechanism of the air-conditioned clock, murdering the warders who are part of this bloodless perfection. An added nice touch is that, after he kills his first three people, in his home, he lugs the bodies away and covers the stains with towels. It is an echo of what seems to have driven him mad to begin with.

If I am reading more into this than Bogdanovich consciously intended, then he is reaping some benefits of the powerful suggestiveness of film, which he *does* use consciously. But there are very serious drawbacks in this almost single reliance on sheer filmic powers. It can lead to the hyperspecialist, the man who knows one thing very well and little else, no matter how relevant. To the *auteur* the world is one huge film-studio prop room, from which he can select bits that will photograph

(Continued on page 33)

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Books and the Arts

Still Waiting for Genet

by Gerald Weales

"I must now carry my thoughts back to the abominable things I did in those days, the sins of the flesh which defiled my soul." So Saint Augustine begins Book II of *Confessions*. Not many pages later, he and his chums ("a band of ruffians, myself included") are stealing pears they do not want and will not eat, a purposeless sin (an *acte gratuit*?) that has him crying to God.

The Vision Of Jean Genet
by Richard N. Coe
(Grove; $7.50)

It was at this point that Augustine lost me when I first tried to read *Confessions*, and, although I have come to understand his place in the theological scheme of things, he never found me again. What the book taught me was that I had a minimal capacity for a certain kind of saintly preoccupation, the habit of transmuting molehills into mountains. All of which explains my difficulties with Jean Genet.

In *The Thief's Journal*, Genet (or the book's "I") has many a pear-tree anecdote – for instance, the one about the money that Pépé left with him. After planning to send it to Pépé, who is in jail, Genet first tears up the bills, meaning to throw them away, and then, having pasted them back together, spends the money on a good lunch. "Pépé must have been dying of hunger in jail," he says (never explaining why he or we should assume that), "but I thought that by means of this crime I had freed myself of moral preoccupations." I do not mind that his theology (the efficacy of betrayal in the search for ultimate evil) dictates his account of the event, as Augustine's preconceptions about the nature of man color his fruit-stealing story, but I do resent – as a reader – the way events, actions, objects have a way of paling into Significance. I find myself straining to hear the voice of René, whose midnight adventures have so much meaning for Genet, because, "he, unaware of these marvels, tells me about them in forthright language."

Most critics accept that Genet's work is his attempt to cope with his own existence; his subject, as he says in *The Thief's Journal*, is "what I am today." He is essentially a ruminator, uninterested in narrative and character, except as excuses for philosophic comment. Even his predilection for symbols (all those flowers) is more argumentative than artistic because he is as likely to explain as to display them. Give him an abstract idea to play with and he will worry it happily for a paragraph; give him a story to tell and he will wreck it on principle. Take, for example, the lovely anecdote in *Our Lady of the Flowers* in which the two boys escape from school, dressed as nuns, and the dog genuflects before them. "Don't complain about improbability," he says, explicating the tale before he tells it. "What's going to follow is false, and no one has to accept it as gospel truth." Even in his plays, which are necessarily more objective than the novels, he seldom lets the scenes work directly; either through repetition or explanation from the characters, he manages to insist on meaning. I am not suggesting that incident in a novel or play should be meaningless, should exist only for itself, but it should exist and, for me at least, even the most vivid images in Genet's work – the General and his horse in *The Balcony*, the dressing of Warda in *The Screens* – lose their outlines, become amorphous, fade into concept.

It would be possible to leave Genet to his own preoccupations if only his disparate band of admirers (the jacket of the Coe volume quotes Sartre, Cocteau, Wallace Fowlie and Norman Podhoretz) did not insist on his major importance for our time. It is true that his novels and plays are concerned with the ambiguity of self, the defining quality of acts performed, the possibility of evil – of abjection and degradation – as in some sense salvational; he is where the anguish is.

There are presumably three correct reactions to his work, none of which I am ever able to manage. I could, with Sartre, only hopefully not at such length (*Saint Genet* must be the most impenetrable piece of criticism ever written), recognize Genet as an embodiment of existential truth, but how can I imagine that Genet creates himself when I can't see the creation for the word-spray. I could, with Cocteau, accept that Genet is a "great poet," but, like Cocteau, he is always talking about being a poet, and I take my text from Ghelderode: "Let us beware of Poetry announced by placards." I could be shocked at Genet's sacrilege and, from that shock, learn (or intuit) some home truths about the world in which I live, but that is the most unlikely prospect of all. One of the funniest lines in *The Vision of Jean Genet* has to do with that sacrilege: ". . . it is we, the readers, who acknowledge this whenever we shudder with nausea at Genet's perversions, obscenity and cynicism." The vision of Richard N. Coe, shuddering in Coventry, as he sorts his notecards on Genet, would dampen horror if it existed. It does not. When, in *The Thief's Journal*, Genet decides that Lucien embodies treason, theft and homosexuality, "the three virtues, which I set up as theological," we are presumably supposed to be disturbed or at least beguiled by the paradox implicit in his choice of adjective. Since I find it difficult to think of three more middle-class vices, it is impossible for me to take the whole thing seriously. Even to take Genet lightly, would be an aesthetic reaction, but nothing – not the play of ideas, the whisper of evil,

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the badge of importance – keeps him from boring me. I walked out on *The Balcony;* I sat through *The Blacks* only because I was reviewing it; I tried three times to read *The Thief's Journal.* One of these days, I keep telling myself, a Genet critic is going to publish a book which does something more than rehash Genet's ideas and attitudes, one that actuallly shows me how the novels work as novels, the plays as plays, and I am going to understand what I have been missing all these years.

The Vision of Jean Genet is not that book. Coe, who has written on Ionesco and Beckett, is an obfuscator by trade, a man possessed by ideas, haunted by symbols, incapable of clarifying the one or illuminating the other. Take a simple example. In explaining the connection between flowers and brutality, Coe states that such a connection exists for Genet, quotes a few lines from *The Thief's Journal* which say the same thing, and then passes on, having done nothing but make a few bromidic remarks about "negative symbolism." Had he really examined a passage in one of the novels or a scene in one of the plays (scene 10 in *The Screens* perhaps), he might have elucidated Genet's use of flowers. The problem is that Coe is not really interested in the separate works. He treats them all as though they were part of a single work (*The Vision of Jean Genet?*) and jumbles quotations and references together as though the significance of a line or action lay outside its place in a particular novel or play. Coe customarily begins a chapter by talking about the structure or theme of the work under discussion, but before he can get on with it, out come the notecards and he is off on a general statement about the use of gesture or the symbolism of the Veil, and the play or novel ceases to exist except as a grabbag of examples. In some cases, this not only confuses but falsifies. In his discussion of *The Screens,* he becomes so intent on setting up an opposition between commitment and life that he says "one by one, heroes and villains alike burst through the barrier of Death," forgetting that neither Saïd nor Leila do, that both simply fade away; surely, whatever meaning the play has lies in their alienation from both life and death.

The weakness of *Vision* does not lie simply in Coe's sins of omission. He is repetitious and contradictory. His explanations are almost comically convoluted:

> "If Genet's sanctity is made of words, so is his sincerity; sincerity and literary are equally unreal: but neither is more unreal than the other. Divine is what he says he is, there is nothing else he can be; and if Divine is what the words make him (or 'her'), so is Genet's 'I' – since the 'I' who writes is, to the reader and perhaps also to the writer, just as much and just as little a fiction as the 'I' that calls itself Divine, or Culafroy."

For a man who wants to lead the reader through Genet's opaque world, Coe has a very uncertain grasp of the more familiar one in which we all live. In his discussion of *The Blacks,* for instance, he equates Miles Davis and Bix Beiderbecke and imagines that both "weave . . . patterns of primitive color and sophisticated violence." Such sloppiness betrays a particular cast of mind. How can a man who doesn't know Miles from Bix be expected to tell an *en-soi* from a *pour-soi?*

Toward the end of the book, distinguishing art from politics, Coe tells us that art deals "with truth only, irrespective of moral categories." That kind of generalization is extremely unhelpful in an approach to Genet. Take one of the truths about him. He was a petty criminal with a longing to be buggered, who fell in love with words and ideas and set out to create a world in his own image; taken up by the French intelligentsia, he let himself be persuaded that his variation on the whore-with-the-heart-of-gold was an important insight into the world outside himself. Coe is rightly suspicious of this, as occasional quibbles indicate, but he never follows up the implications of his characterization of Genet's poetry as that of an adolescent girl or his description (one of the best things in the book) of Genet as a *fin de siècle* aesthete. Instead, he ends on a rhetorical note about Genet's questioning of the old morality: "And to question values is the very birthright of the artist." The bartender at my neighborhood bar questions values nightly. I am still waiting for the critic who can persuade me about Genet's art.

Wild Poppies

(Châtillon, France)

Each blossom a miniature sun, each bud
A dogged kernel of heat, they wave,
Igniting whole horizons where the land
Lies fallow, between more talented crops –
Grains, vineyards, heavy fodders; and their
Rugged delicacy might go unnoticed

Except that, rounding a bend, somewhere
Along the universal thoroughfare,
The traveler, enclosed in glass,
And cool with the pallor of indifference,
Sees advance upon his field of vision
Prime red, the color of his blood.

Allan Block

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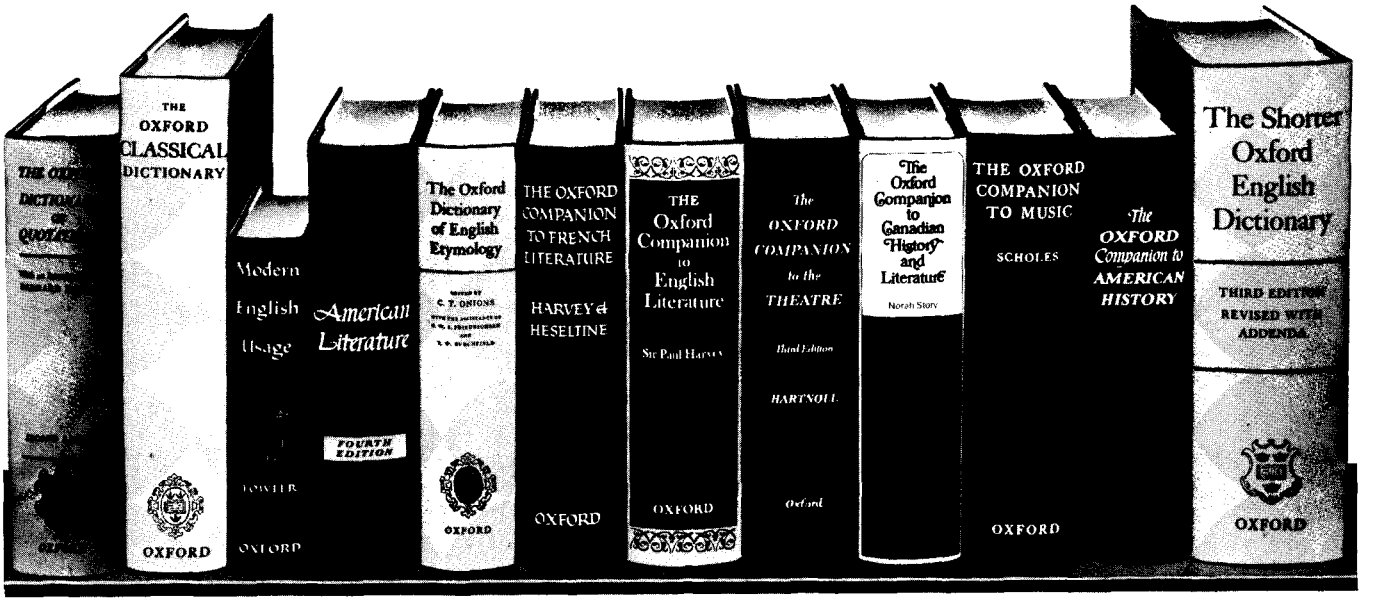
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Tools for Reading

by Helen Featherstone

Jeanne Chall's interpretation of 60 years of research seems overwhelmingly convincing: the majority of children, regardless of social class or intelligence, read better by the beginning of the third grade when their introduction to reading is a phonics program rather than a "meaning-emphasis" approach. In meaning-emphasis the stress is on learning to read whole words by sight; in phonics programs one learns the sounds of letters. The meaning – emphasis approach is represented by the "basal readers" – the Dick-and-Jane, Alice-and-Jerry kind of thing in use in 98 percent of American first-grade classrooms.

Learning to Read: The Great Debate
by Jeanne Chall
(McGraw-Hill; $8.50)

Research shows what many people have been saying for over ten years: the basal reader approach is not the most effective way of teaching most children to read, and for some children it is disastrous. Various other methods, all of which emphasize the acquisition of the phonic code, give better results. This code-emphasis category includes: systematic phonics, in which the regular sound or sounds of letters and letter combinations are taught directly; the linguistic approach, in which the first reading matter consists of regularly spelled short words, introduced in families, which facilitate inductive learning of the code; and those methods associated with the Initial Teaching Alphabet, a 44-character alphabet with only one sound associated with each character.

The message is clear: our schools should begin to devise reading programs with a heavy code emphasis for the first year or two of school. My own experience as a first-grade teacher has convinced me of this. I found that once the children in my classroom had mastered the bulk of a first-grade phonics program they would attack any book they could understand; in the last months of school their reading levels typically advanced from six months to a year. These were children from a poor urban area. They were not pushed to read at home, but once they had the tools for independent reading they read continuously.

In choosing a beginning reading program a school should have two major concerns. The first is to find the program which gives best results for the majority of its children – those who would probably learn under any system, but who will learn more quickly and better under one system than another. The second is to find the program which will produce fewest reading failures – children who, after a year of school, can read only a few words. Professor Chall presents evidence that some form of decoding answers the first concern, but finds very little clear evidence on the second question. She argues, however, that the failures of decoding systems are less serious than those of the meaning-emphasis ones. Maybe. Anyone who has taught systematic phonics to first-graders knows that in nearly every class there will still be children who cannot learn to sound out words. They may know all the sounds, but they cannot blend them to read words. Their symptoms are indistinguishable from those of the child who has never had the benefits of phonics.

Clearly a phonic approach is better than what we have now. But it is also clear that formal teaching – instruction in groups – is a particularly bad way to teach phonics. This is what happens in a formal classroom. Sometime in the fall the teacher begins to teach her first-graders the names and sounds of letters. Eventually, nearly all the children will know at least one sound for each letter. But very few children will be able to blend these sounds into words. Then they catch on, one by one, and when they do they make rapid progress. Some, however, while continuing to learn the sounds as they are taught, will be unable to use their knowledge to read words. The light may dawn in March, or June, or the following year, but in the meantime they feel they are failures.

Our aim should be to teach the code to all children while minimizing the damage to those who are slow to learn. I think this can be done by making learning to read as informal and individual as possible, making available lots of attractive books, and keeping group instruction to an absolute minimum. It is hard to teach letter-sound correspondence and the phonetic intricacies of English without using groups, but it is possible. Some teachers have been doing it for years.

Many of the things now seen in most classrooms – wall charts illustrating the sounds of consonants and digraphs, alphabet books, and alphabet blocks – would be more effective in an informal setting, since children tend to use them to teach themselves and each other when they can. In addition, there are some useful new commercial materials: Lyons and Carnahan have recently put out a fairly comprehensive kit of phonics games which make it possible for children to use what they are learning about sounds before they can actually sound out words.

The teacher's main tool for systematizing phonics should be the children's own writing. It seems to me that a strategy first publicized by Sylvia Ashton-Warner and now quite common in informal classrooms could be adapted for the teaching of phonetic

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elements. Miss Warner gave the children word cards for the words they wanted to know; the children treasured the cards and practiced writing the words over and over again. Properly handled, similar cards could provide a means for child and teacher to see that sounds are being learned in some reasonably systematic way. I see three advantages in this. First, if the children are taught individually the slower ones are much less aware that others are far ahead. Second, most of the slow children find writing phonetically regular words easier than reading them, and writing provides a bridge between knowing sounds and reading. Third, it is more fun for everyone involved.

Jeanne Chall's book is a good one. But as school systems absorb its lessons and purchase reading programs aimed at early decoding, I hope they will give serious thought to their priorities. We do want to give children programs that raise reading achievement generally, but even more than that we want to reduce the number of children who do not learn to read and are damaged by failing. For this reason we must change the classroom itself and make teaching as individual, as informal, and as flexible as possible. Reading must stop being a separate subject which we obsessively drum into children. We will have to create classrooms in which children have choices. Those who can barely read must, if they are to stay confident and interested in school, have other things to do that they are good at. Otherwise we will find, as one city which uses systematic phonics in every first grade has discovered, that children still fall to the bottom of the heap, and are still crushed by the weight on top of them.

The Lion at Bay

by Charles Thomas Samuels

Lion in the Garden is a convenient bit of packaging since it gathers all the Faulkner interviews not previously collected in *Faulkner in the University* (1959) or *Faulkner at West Point* (1964). But to eke out their volume, Messrs. Meriwether and Millgate had to include much trivia, allow constant repetition, and absorb a book published in Japan but available in our university libraries (*Faulkner at Nagano.*) Students of the fiction are served better by the Virginia sessions, where the questioners are immersed in their subject. Students of the life are hardly served at all; though Faulkner engaged in notorious ploys to guard his privacy, his editors disclaim the "impertinence of attempting to distinguish between intentional and accidental error," and do little to correct either.

Lion in the Garden: Interviews with William Faulkner, 1926-1962
edited by James B. Meriwether
and Michael Millgate
(Random House; $6.95)

Nevertheless it is a fascinating book. By including interviews from every stage of Faulkner's career and arranging them chronologically, *Lion in the Garden* illuminates the developing relationship between Faulkner and his public, while suggesting a cautionary moral.

Less than one sixth of the interviews took place during the '20s and '30s, in the period of Faulkner's greatest flowering. Originally considered a difficult writer, Faulkner delighted in increasing the public's bafflement. His method was simple. Purportedly a merchant of sex and violence, he would answer all questions, as he might himself have said, "in sibilant whispers." Model of the obscure modern artist, he would admit only to being a simple farmer. Slight and diffident, he took on the role of avatar, picturing himself under RAF wrecks or running rum in New Orleans. "I was born in 1826," he contended, "of a Negro slave and an alligator – both named Gladys Rock. I have two brothers. One is Dr. Walter E. Traprock and the other is Eagle-rock – an airplane."

But in the '40s and '50s, a change came over Faulkner. In his early work, man is a tragic animal thrashing against his cage and sending forth only frail, inarticulate signals to his fellow creatures. Though Dilsey tries to sustain the Compsons, she cannot communicate her faith, and they tear each other apart. Though the Bundrens bury Addie, their dutiful odyssey merely underlines the fragility of their relationships. Foreshadowed in *Light in August*, Faulkner later enters a period in which such efforts at redemption become more successful. At the same time, however, his art declines: rhetoric replaces drama, characters become remote or attitudinizing, moral dilemmas are solved through dubious expedients.

Not surprisingly, this is the period when Faulkner begins to grant more frequent interviews. The impulse toward moral uplift that vitiates the fiction also turns the wily artist into a public, and often platitudinous, sage. Though the error is his, it is quickly exploited. Having volunteered for use, he is made use of. When Faulkner mirrored man in his tragic complexity, readers shunned the image. Now that he is willing to flatter their aspirations, they fasten on him, avid for confirmation.

This process, most evident in the long section devoted to his Japanese tour, is both hilarious and chastening. Invited by the State Department, Faulkner at first declines but is finally prevailed upon to repay Japanese admiration for his art. What we discover, however, is that they are more concerned about his views on mankind, particularly its Japanese segment.

From his characteristic blend of courtesy toward a host and indifference

"BE NOT ALTOGETHER DISMAYED, *friends, at the noisiness of the New Left in church and state. As Burke compared the radicals of the 18th century to the grasshoppers of the pasture — voluble but powerless by the side of the cattle who dominate the field — so it is in our time. And the thinking and publishing of some gentlemen of a conservative cast will have an effect more enduring than any quantity of sleep-ins.*"

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toward interviewers, Faulkner initiates the sad farce. Fresh off his plane, he is bombarded by reporters anxious to know what most interests him about Japan. Offhandedly, he replies: its culture of intelligence. Surprised, the reporters press to learn where Faulkner got this impression; but he confesses to not having read a Japanese writer in 30 years. Wherever he goes, throughout his long stay, he is asked to explain his observation. People almost beg him for signs of their famous intelligence; they wonder how one of them might win a Nobel Prize (automatically, he advises: "work . . . believe in man . . . man will prevail . . ."). Then, owing to an error in some transcript, it appears that he had found Japan "rational" rather than "intelligent." Confusion ensues, until Faulkner explains that he reserves the word "rational" for the French. His embarrassment seems to rise from the page, but his interlocutors continue. "We need not," a moderator assures the audience at the Nagano seminar, "hesitate to ask him anything, however profound, that may come into our minds."

On the way home, Faulkner is again interviewed; but though the setting and questioner have changed, the questions remain predictable. Politely, he makes the predictable responses. Suddenly, however, he makes his first spontaneous, unsolicited remark in nearly 150 pages. A chestnut falls from the tree underneath which Faulkner is sitting and, delightedly, he tells of the previous afternoon when one plopped right through his newspaper.

The following year, in New York, he grants his most famous interview to an emissary from *The Paris Review*. But now, having answered the same questions for the umpteenth time, he revives his old mischief only to experience the truth that so celebrated a guru can't make jokes. Asked to describe a writer's ideal environment, he chooses a brothel ("The place is quiet during the morning hours . . . there's enough social life in the evening . . ."); but later, according to *Time*, he is asked if the advice was seriously intended. Trapped in another interview concerning a tribute to Thomas Wolfe, made 15 years earlier and thus a longer-lasting goad than the casual remark about Japan, his distaste with the oracular role unexpectedly flashes: "[Wolfe] bores me," Faulkner snaps – he was never able to finish any of Wolfe's books. Years later, when a young British student intrudes upon Faulkner's Oxford retreat and poses the stock questions in a particularly naïve fashion, he thinks he sees not a lion but a snake: "a withered old face . . . glittering hooded eyes."

Ultimately Faulkner seems to have regretted consenting to evaporate into a public man; but having spoken so often *ex cathedra*, he could not regain the old privacy. As a result, his last years were bedevilled by controversy over his views on civil rights while his best early work was sentimentally lightened in the retroactive glare of the Nobel pronouncements.

Moral: Lions don't belong in gardens.

Caution: Nowadays, lions are apt to be weaker, bush-beaters more assiduous, and gardens crammed with TV equipment.

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Eastern Europe's Dangerous Reforms

by Francis Pierce

Reform is most dangerous where it is most needed. The political establishment in Eastern Europe is an entrenched bureaucratic machine full of crime and scandal, a kind of communist Chicago only bigger and much bloodier. For years its domestic critics had been picking at it without much effect, then suddenly they had almost done away with it.

Economic Reforms in Eastern Europe
by Michael Gamarnikow
(Wayne State University; $8.95)

As Marx said, history repeats itself. The founder of Communism would have had no trouble diagnosing the situation in Eastern Europe now: he would have pointed to the economic malaise under the political one. While official statisticians tot up the mounting production of cement and steel, the profits are being devoured by overcentralization. Everybody now agrees (in public at least) that central direction of the economic process à la Stalin is finished, but the problem is to replace it with something that works better. The economists talk of a socialist market system, in which the state-owned factories will have to produce for their customers or else go out of business. No more subsidies, no more inflated payrolls. Most of the Eastern European countries have in fact started to reform their economies along these lines, but it has been slow going and the venture is full of hazards. As Michael Gamarnikow points out, reforming a Soviet-type economy is like switching from a state of wartime mobilization back to peace:

> "The Communist reformers . . . have inherited a system that has been run for years without the regard for standards of efficiency and rationality that even a war economy should observe. Their factories are swarming with excess manpower, their price system is artificial, their wages arbitrary, their agriculture neglected and undercapitalized, and a number of big projects that looked good to the politicians have turned out to be

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white elephants. Over all this hangs the menace of inflation, which in Eastern Europe assumes formidable dimensions because it has been so long repressed. The transition to a new system will be difficult precisely because it involves scrapping the old central controls which, backed up by the police, kept the economy from flying apart. The consumer and the manager are now to have a bigger say in running the economy, but this is easier said than done."

To reform something one must first discredit the old order and the men associated with it. The Communist parties have not only political debts to pay; they have also run up a terrific bill for economic mismanagement. When millions of people are told that their sacrifices are not going to bring them the prosperity they were promised because the profits have gone down the drain, it is difficult to organize them anew and ask for more sacrifices. The danger is that the reformers themselves may be swept away if it all collapses, much as Nagy was in Hungary twelve years ago. The Czechoslovak crisis is only the latest manifestation of the problem. The Russians were quick to see the danger, and so were Ulbricht, Gomulka and Kadar, and in their initial efforts to intimidate the Prague regime they may have been trying to stave off what they saw as the makings of a new Hungary.

The West might conceivably have lent a hand by financing imports that would be needed to put economies like Czechoslovakia's on a paying basis. Unfortunately this prospect only strengthened Russian fears that the communists would be swamped by the reforms, and that the ghosts of Locke and John Maynard Keynes would inherit the empire.

Michael Gamarnikow is a British-educated economist who works for Radio Free Europe in Munich, and has for fifteen years been reading the press of Eastern Europe as well as the situation papers and background reports for which RFE is famous. His well-written and lucid little book will be especially useful to the non-economist who wants an insight into the problems that are shaking the Marxist superstructure.

Are the Reporters to Blame?

by Ben Bagdikian

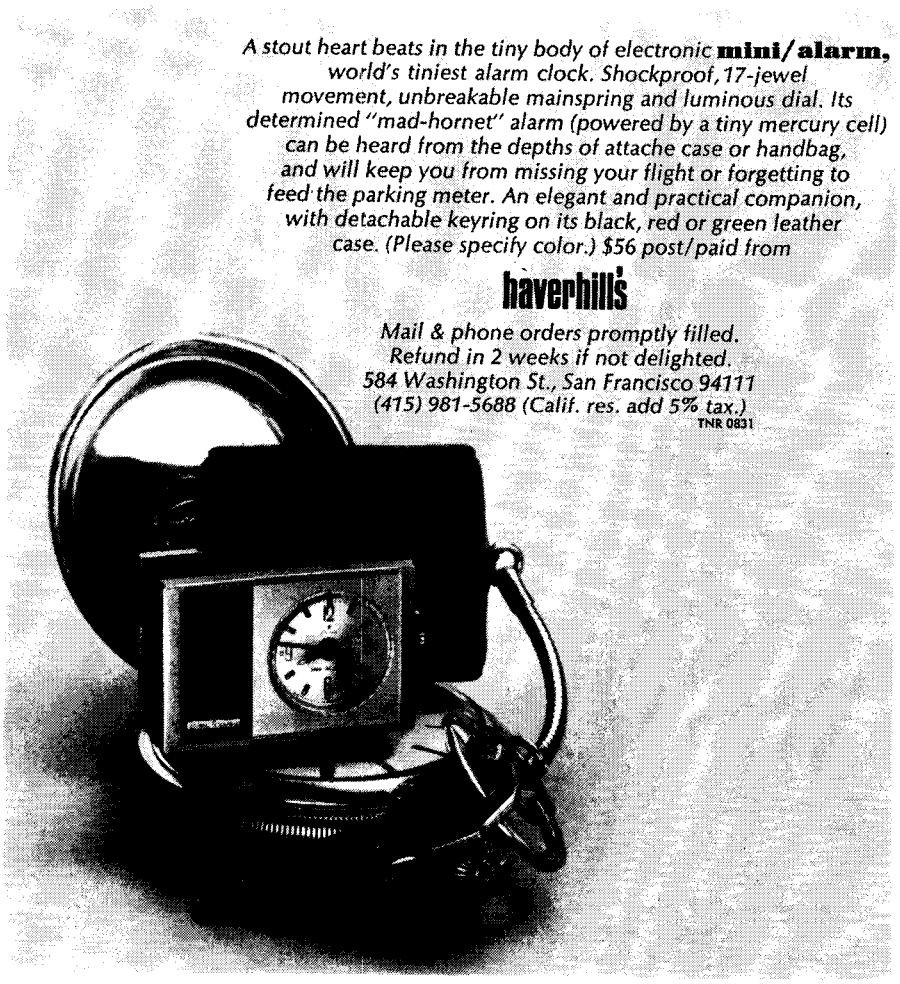
I read John Hohenberg's *The News Media* with a growing sense of familiar scene in which something was wrong, like coming back to your hotel room in Istanbul and knowing that someone has been through the bureau and put everything back in place, but not quite.

The News Media
by John Hohenberg
(Holt, Rhinehart & Winston; $6.95)

Hohenberg, a professor at the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia, has toured the horizon of American journalism in a discursive account that touches all the usual places.

Some of the major matters are substantial and worth taking up (though treated more comprehensively in Bryce Rucker's recent reissue of *The First Freedom*): free press versus fair trial; government secrecy; the remaining reservoirs of public relations sludge in most newspapers (the sections on travel, real estate, women, and business), and the growth of chains and conglomerates. To the figures issued by networks on how much it costs them to put on public affairs programs, Hohenberg properly notes the phenomenal profits of networks and asks the pertinent question, "Since when has public service been supposed to show a profit?"

My uneasiness did not come from my disagreements with the author, although I have some. One thing that bothered me was that I think he fell victim to the newspaper trade's manic-depressive fluctuations between gasp-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ing that it is about to die for lack of profits and its boasts of unprecedented health. Hohenberg, presumably tuning in during the trade's depressive stage, explains the growth of newspaper monopoly thus: "The coming of television has merely speeded up the process with its reduction in the press' advertising revenue." This is not a good explanation of monopoly nor an accurate statement about ad revenues. Monopoly has grown chiefly from the economies to be gained by size and the high entry costs of new enterprises. Newspaper advertising has grown enormously. Its *proportion* of all American advertising has dropped slightly, from 32 percent in 1945 to 29 percent in 1965, not a brutal loss. Since all advertising during that period increased 500 percent, newspaper ad revenues rose from $921,000,000 in 1945 to $4,435,000,000 in 1965, scarcely evidence of malnutrition even considering rising costs and inflation.

The real source of my uneasiness became clear toward the end of the book when Hohenberg says that "the spirit of the times demands of the journalist a larger measure of self-regulation, and even self-government." It was that word "journalist." With rare exceptions Hohenberg uses the word "journalist" interchangeably for the individual reporter, the editor, the publisher and the chairman of the board. At one point he says, almost as an aside, "Actually, the burden for change rests where it always has – on the proprietors themselves." But he then returns to the universal and obscuring word "journalist." Only when his use of "journalist" is replaced by "proprietor" does a great deal of the book make sense.

Let us see what happens when we replace the word "journalist" as used by the author with "proprietor" in such passages as the following:

> "Not since the era when 80 percent of the American press unsuccessfully opposed Franklin Delano Roosevelt during his four campaigns for the Presidency has the serious journalist (proprietor) felt less like a leader of public opinion and more like a follower."

Or:

> ". . . the developing revolution in the news media will not really have much effect on the shape of the news itself unless something is done first about the journalist (proprietor). . . . The relationship of the journalist (proprietor) to the public, in consequence, becomes immediately relevant."

Or:

> "Before the form and substance of American journalism can be shifted appreciably to become more attuned to the requirements of the day, the journalist (proprietor) will have to overcome his mistrust of higher education. . . ."

Regarding the first statement, the obvious point to be made is that proprietors, not journalists, determine endorsements. Regarding the second, one has to say that changes will come whether publishers take the initiative or not; the only question is whether they will help create the changes, or by being passive, be controlled by change. Proprietors, not journalists, will make that decision. And, as to the third statement, it has been just the younger working staffs who have been pushing for mid-career return to the universities, often using their personal savings to do it, while proprietors, with a few outstanding exceptions, have been hostile or apathetic. Initiative for the intellectual enrichment of journalism has come from foundations. It is cruel to put the onus for "mistrust of higher education" on the "journalist."

A basic flaw in much commentary on news performance is the insistence that such issues as restrictions on press freedom, unmet informational needs, and the takeover of thought by mindless machines can be met only by exhorting the individual journalist to improve himself. Reporters need all the upgrading they can get. But it is not romanticizing their present state to say that the postwar improvement in

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education and sophistication of news staffs some time ago ran up against the perennial conservatism of the institution of the press.

The best university graduates have seldom gone into journalism. They still don't, even though it is increasingly obvious that modern reporting requires social sensitivity and intellectual acuity. Too many good men and women still regard journalism as a career in trivia; and for most newspapers and broadcast operations this is true. And it has been true for some time that the underlying reason most good men leave journalism is their belief that the institution will not let them deal with the central problems of their communities in an intellectually honest and thorough way.

Individual American journalists are far from perfect. But that is not the only reason so much criticism and exhortation is levelled at them, particularly from journalistic academia. They receive almost exclusive attention because it is more prudent to try to reform the acolyte than the church.

There are a number of progressive and thoughtful publishers and broadcast executives. But they are likely to be too few to stave off the institution's hardening of the arteries at this crucial moment of social upheaval and technological change. It is these same executives who privately express despair at the complacency of their peers, yet whose problems are more basic and urgent than those of their employees. It is no favor to the present American news system to suggest that its future will be secure and fruitful if only reporters will pull themselves up by their bootstraps.

Correspondence

In Brands We Trust

Sirs:

Your article entitled "In Brands We Trust" (June 22) in my opinion is incorrect and unfair. . . . An example is the quotation of the FDA indictment of a leading firm in 1963. No reference is made to the context, which could be read in the transcript of the appearance of Mr. Richard Furlaud of Squibb before the Nelson Subcommittee on October 13, 1967, which revealed the sweeping measures, including the closing and reconstruction of an entire factory, voluntarily taken by the firm to correct shortcomings in that plant, which have since been corrected. A major problem was that of penicillin contamination of other drugs. At about this time the FDA had developed (with the assistance of drug firms) a more refined method of testing for trace elements of air-borne penicillin, making it possible to detect one part in 100 million. With this new technique, a great many products of various manufacturers were found to be "contaminated" under the new and stricter standards and numerous product recalls were issued, although no real danger to health was involved. Some firms had to erect entirely new penicillin plants miles away from their operations.

In the author's search for evidence of what he calls "deceptions," he accuses a PMA member firm of deception in that its institutional commercials on radio have played up the role of private drug industry research in developing new drugs. He cites penicillin as an example of a drug discovered by a private researcher (Fleming) in 1929, and points out that the Government coordinated research on its development during World War II. Quite true, but this was a joint Government-industry effort. The FTC *Economic Report on Antibiotics Manufacture* reports that the Government spent $7,577,697 on penicillin plants, and private manufacturers spent $22,640,670. The important issue, however, is whether Government or industry research has been more productive in discovering and developing new drug products (and development can be just as significant as discovery). Dr. Vannevar Bush, whom David Sanford quotes in criticizing the secretiveness of the various private industry researchers in the penicillin effort (a practice which at his urging they then abandoned) also might be quoted in a comment far more relevant to this central issue:

> "There are very important things that Government laboratories can do well and some things they must do if they are to be done at all. But inventing, developing, promoting new products for public use through industrial channels is just not one of them. We know this if we examine the record." (Kefauver hearings, December 1961, Part 4, p. 2192)

And Dr. Goddard, as FDA Commissioner, summed it up by saying: "Currently, the drugs that reach the market place – that have gone through an expensive and time-consuming research program, have come from private industry" (Address to Duke University, April 7, 1967).

Actually, not *all* the new discoveries were made by private industry, and I am sure that Dr. Goddard did not mean to convey this. But according to Paul de Haen Inc., whose annual surveys of new drug introductions are accepted

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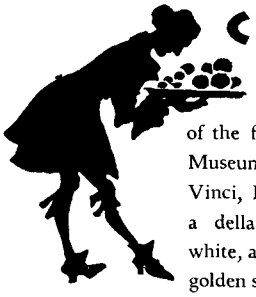

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as authoritative, some 87 percent of the new chemical entities introduced on the U.S. drug market between 1940 and 1966 inclusive were born in industry research laboratories. And for 1967, the de Haen survey reports that all 25 new drug products introduced on the U.S. market were discovered by industry laboratories. Comparing drug research productivity among nations, the United States, incidentally, is the most important source of new drug innovation, being credited with 62 percent of all the products introduced during the period 1940 through 1966 on the U.S. market.

Now, which is more deceptive, for a firm to recount the contributions of US industry research to therapeutic breakthroughs or for Mr. Sanford to give the impression that Government was primarily responsible?

C. Joseph Stetler
President,
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

I thought that David Sanford's article (June 22) on the wheeler-dealer propagandizing and lobbying done by the PMA was quite superb. I am writing to fill in a point or two, about the evolution of penicillin.

After Fleming's discovery of penicillin in 1929, its significance remained a theoretical biological curiosity for a few years. It was the "Oxford Team" headed by the late Lord Florey and Professor E. B. Chain, who isolated, purified and characterized penicillin and proved, clinically, its therapeutic value. All of this was done in a university department, the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology, and not in a drug firm.

Because there was a war on, the British government was reluctant to commit facilities to the exploitation of this discovery.

It was Lord Florey who undertook to convince the Americans of penicillin's potential value, and he met with a number of rejections before being finally able to convince some pharmaceutical firms in America to take on the project.

As a footnote, it should be added that no royalties were ever paid to the discoverers of penicillin. Florey, Chain and Fleming, did, however, receive the Nobel prize.

E. M. J. Pugatch, M.D.
Oxford, England

Life on the Block

Sirs:

My first reaction in "Life on the Block," by Warren Unna (July 27), is one of anxiety. As an American who has lived abroad in "safe" cities for the past six years, I dread the thought of returning to American violence. But on reading the article again, after making an effort to control my panic, what strikes me is the inappropriateness of the victims' reactions, in particular the decision to buy a gun (mentioned in two cases).

Does anyone, especially someone who is "not sure he knows how to use" a gun, *really* want attempted vandalism turned into a gun battle? The US Government has found to its cost that a weapon which is too big (a nuclear bomb) is just as useless as a weapon which is too small. Either it cannot be used at all, or if it is used it raises the level of conflict so far that the user is worse off than he was before.

By all means let us try to stop such "incidents." (I myself suspect that the most effective way of going about it would be to develop a sense of community among the besieged residents of the block – somewhat as Londoners did during the blitz.) But who wants purse-snatching and mugging escalated into armed robbery and murder?

Jeanne Backemeyer
London, England

Military Justice

Sirs:

The article by Edward F. Sherman, "Buttons, Bumper Stickers and the Soldier," August 17, *NR*, was one of the frankest and more enlightening that I have read on the subject of military "justice," etc. It puts in black and white what a lot of people are thinking, and what even more are working to change. . . .

Frances C. Smith
Chicago, Ill.

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Kauffmann, *from page 22*

well, virtually regardless of other considerations. I don't mean, in this case, social responsibility. Bogdanovich's distributors have pinned on a silly foreword to make the film seem an argument for gun control; they are apprehensive about one little sniper film in a country full of gunfire television, and newspapers and magazines, a country in which a presidential candidate (Wallace) draws loud cheers by promising to run over any protester who lies in front of his car.

No, the primary faults of *Targets* would exist if both of the Kennedys and Dr. King and those people on the Texas campus were still alive. Bogdanovich just cooked up some clever ideas out of the backer's prerequisites and filmed them smoothly with little regard for credibility or conclusion. What is the point of this film, once the gimmicky juxtaposition has paled? Bogdanovich has little to tell us about this killer – as artist, not sociologist. He uses the Karloff character like a clumsy puppet. Why does Karloff suddenly want to retire? The chief reason would have applied long before – that the real horror in the world has made him feel silly. The other reason, that he is passé, is patently untrue. And what has this retirement theme, which takes a good deal of time, to do with the story? And why in heaven does Karloff advance bravely on the trapped and armed murderer at the end?

That advance, and the token wounds that he and his secretary get from the sniper who has been polishing off people hundreds of yards away, are Bogdanovich's deepest bows to Hollywood fantasy.

And doesn't acting count for anything, even with a "visual" director? Nancy Hsueh, Karloff's secretary, is simply incompetent. Karloff – as he says of himself! – is no longer able to play a "straight" scene. Bogdanovich caps his misperception of acting by casting himself as the young director, apparently in the belief that all one needs in front of a camera is the ability to be natural.

Another curious point. Only the scenes of reference – cinema history or social satire – are sound. Virtually all the others are phony: those between Karloff and the secretary, the secretary and the director, the killer and his wife. Bogdanovich reveals little ability as yet to create anything of his own. He merely shows us what he has seen.

To argue for more than filmic content in films is taken by some as an argument for literary or theatrical film. But such new directors of the past decade as Bellocchio, Bertolucci, De Seta, Olmi, Jessua, de Broca, Lester, Teshigahara, and Nichols have shown that film can be truly film without being *only* film. Bogdanovich, however, has grown up in an aesthetics that exalts manner over matter – no, it tells us fundamentally that manner is all: that Samuel Fuller's *Shock Corridor* and Nicholas Ray's *Party Girl* and Preminger's *The Cardinal* and Hitchcock's *The Birds* and Hawks' *Hatari!* are excellent artworks because of the directors' styles, that objection to the tacky stories is misplaced because the film is not in the story but in "the relationship between the director and his material." (Gavin Millar.) To me, this seems the equivalent of the theatrical legend about the great actor who could pulverize you by reading the telephone book. I have never had the luck to be thus pulverized, but the legend does not maintain that the *ideal* is to have great actors read telephone books. I am unconvinced that any of those directors is as good when (even because) he uses fourth-rate material as when he uses material and performers that satisfy other expectations in us as well.

It's good to welcome a new director with Bogdanovich's affinity for filmmaking, his cinematic eye and appetite, his eagerness to edit incisively – in short, a man with exceptional facility. But facility can be mere glibness in a director who has no self other than his skills and his "in" enthusiasms. As the expression of a self, of a whole man who lives in the world and uses film to convey that fact, *Targets* is weak: little more than a checklist of professional venerations. It is noteworthy mainly as the first slickly made feature by a young American who has got his education and his bearings, so to speak, at the movies.

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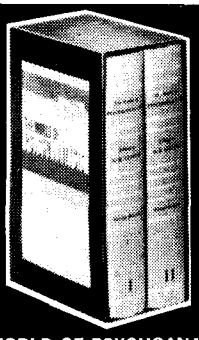

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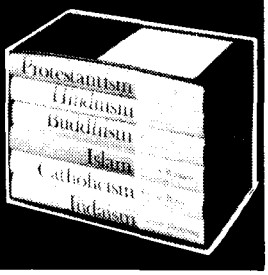

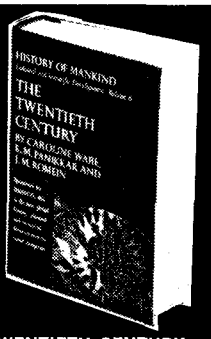

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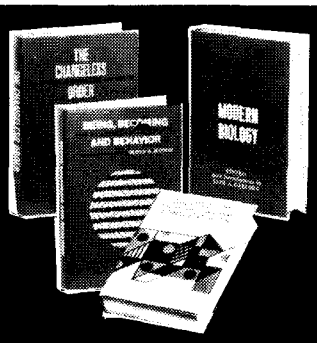

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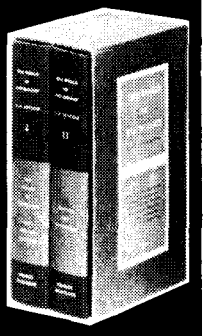

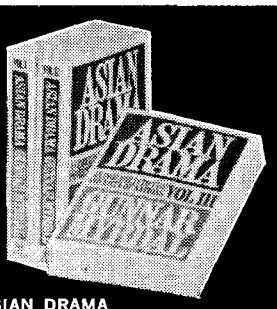

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